

Home Letters

from the Continent

*Josiah Letchworth*

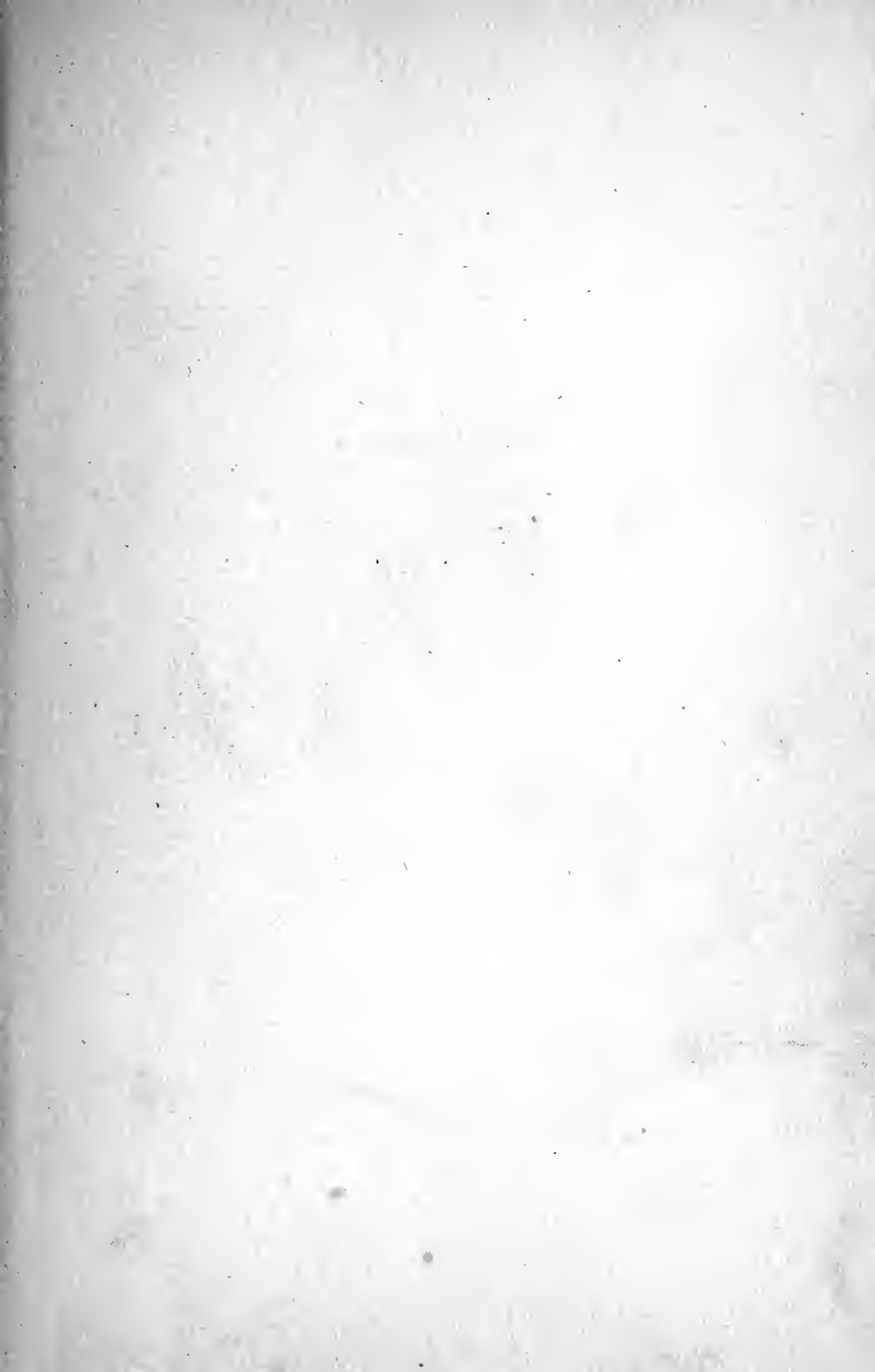


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# HOME LETTERS

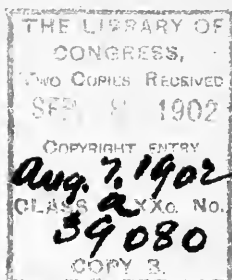
## From the Continent

JOSIAH LETCHWORTH

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.”

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New York  
The Knickerbocker Press  
1902



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C. J. R. Sept. 10, 1902.

To my beloved daughter, whose ever-present and delightful enthusiasm, intelligent criticism, and discriminating appreciation of the true and beautiful, added so much to her parents' enjoyment during these months of European travel, this brief collection of letters is lovingly dedicated by her father.

*Buffalo, 1902.*





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NAPLES, Dec. 14, 1899.



WE had enjoyed our stay in New York, short as it was, and so felt quite ready for our departure Saturday morning after the busy, busy preparations of the weeks previous. We rose early on the morning of December second and were the first to enter the breakfast-room of the Waldorf-Astoria—that model of hotels.

Taking a carriage, and all our luggage with us, we drove direct to the Hoboken dock, where the “Ems” lay awaiting us. We were early, but already the usual bustle incident to the sailing of a steamer had begun. Crowds of friends, seeing passengers off, were there. On the cabin table ready for the gathering voyagers lay a huge package of letters,

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with many boxes of flowers and baskets of fruit, gifts from absent ones, and of these, to our delight, a liberal percentage was for our party.

As the hour wore away the excitement increased ; friends were leaving, more passengers were arriving. Among the latter we observed one lady, quite young, a Miss C—— who was brought on board carried by two men. She was not able to walk, could not move from her chair— wherever it was placed there she must remain until carried elsewhere. Think of travelling under such circumstances, entirely alone.

At length eleven o'clock arrived and the signal for departure was given. There was scurrying hither and thither by the ship's company and their friends. One of the belated passengers came hastening up the gangway at the last moment, while a few of the shore contingent had to leave the boat after the bridge was suspended in mid air and the screw of the steamer making its revolutions. The boat had already moved partly out from the pier when a dozen or more steerage passengers were seen tearing along with their meagre

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effects, frantic to get aboard. This was accomplished with some little difficulty, and another start was made. Soon we caught a view of the beloved faces at the end of the dock, but it seemed only a moment when our increasing speed rendered them indistinguishable and the black pier was only a mass of humanity, above which, here and there, a white speck waved.

We dried our eyes and strained them until it was no longer of any use, and then tried to divert our minds by looking at the sky-scrapers on the other side of the river. It was a glorious morning. New York bay never looked more beautiful as we wended our course down the majestic highway to the ocean, past the Statue of Liberty, Staten Island, the old Fortress La Fayette, the many forts on either side, Quarantine, and at last Sandy Hook. Our hastily written letters were dispatched by the pilot boat, and soon we were at sea. Gathered at table, we could form our first estimates of our cabin companions, of whom there were sixty-seven, to say nothing of the twelve hundred steerage passengers that occupied the lower deck

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from stem to stern. We at once came to the conclusion that there must be more profit in carrying steerage passengers at thirty-five dollars each in such vast numbers, than in first class, despite the possibly larger proportion of edibles consumed by the former.

Our *compagnons du voyage* were many of them Americans going to Europe for limited tours. One, a Catholic bishop from Montana, who remarked to me that the Yellowstone Park was in his diocese. He was making his third visit to Pope Leo Thirteenth. One day in looking over my old Murray I discovered that the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius was to occur Dec. 16th, which I mentioned to him, and he manifested the greatest satisfaction at learning of the fact. He "thought it occurred but twice in the year," the last time in September. I told him I had the advantage of him in one respect, having been presented to His Holiness, Pius IX, whom he had never seen. He was a very pleasant gentleman, a good conversationalist, and of the best type of the better educated class in the priesthood of the present

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day. One evening when the young people, in order to break up any little frigidity that remained, not in keeping with the mild temperature of the Gulf Stream, suggested for general amusement pinning blindfolded the tail to the donkey, the Bishop gracefully made the attempt and without any serious injury to his usual dignity. On Sunday he held services in the steerage while two Protestant divines conducted the services after the manner of the Episcopal form in the saloon.

There were a number of people on board from New York City, some going to Rome for the winter. There were young people, but no children; many more women than men. Also on board was a little black-and-tan dog which the captain forbade to come on deck, much to the disgust of his mistress who was making her twenty-fifth voyage. Nine times she had crossed with the dog, and never before had he been denied the privileges of the deck. Some of the ladies were bound for Florence to spend the winter. On the whole they were a very nice company of passengers and we made many pleasant acquaintances.

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Our chairs and rugs were brought on deck, and with a sea comparatively quiet the land disappeared in the distance, the sun in a stormless sky dropped down into the sea, and we were indeed afloat on the great waters. When dinner was served at six thirty, Alethe and I were destined to dine alone at our little table, as there was a disinclination on the part of the other members of our party to join us.

Sunday morning dawned fair and bright, but Katherine and Mabel preferred, as their state-rooms were the first forward of the saloon, to listen to the morning service there; in fact they did not come on deck during the day, which made the time pass slowly for them. About noon we were entertained by the spouting of some whales, the broad, brown back of one of which I distinctly saw not far distant. By noon we had traversed 342 miles. The sun shone all day with but little wind and another clear sunset gave encouragement of a pleasant passage. Monday morning broke clear and cloudless once more and we were glad to get on deck. We had already struck the Gulf Stream and the water indicated a temperature of from 75

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to 80 degrees ; an occasional floating log and pieces of green sea grass could be seen about us. I found my overcoat unnecessary ; as the day wore on, however, clouds gathered and the rain fell. At midday 362 miles more of our trip were registered.

Tuesday the sea was choppy, with huge white caps which, as night came on, were beautiful in the moonlight. We all got on deck for a little while that morning but soon Katherine was compelled to go below and remained there all day, which was a long one for her. The sea grew more rough with every hour, and in the girls' state-room the satchels and trunks slipped their moorings with considerable disaster to the personal belongings enclosed.

We on deck had our chairs tied to the railings and later, as the storm increased, ropes were stretched along and across the deck to catch hold of when walking. Soon after, by order of the Captain, all remaining in their chairs on deck were lashed in them with a strong cord about the waist, but even with this precaution, I saw three ladies go sprawling in a heap, chairs and all, down the deck and were

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piled up against the railing. Mabel kept on deck all the afternoon and evening, despite the storm. Though slightly ill myself I went as usual to dinner. At noon we had made 386 miles.

The storm was followed by a fine day Wednesday and we all spent the time on deck, Alethe, taking compassion on me in my loneliness, went down to dinner. Our record for that twenty-four hours was the best made during the trip — 392 miles. The next morning, Thursday, all went to breakfast together, spent the day on deck, and in the afternoon sighted a steamer, the first sail seen since leaving New York.

Friday morning about three o'clock land was seen, the Azores, and this is one of the most interesting features of the southern route. There, in that great waste of waters, 1000 miles from Gibraltar and nearly 1600 from Newfoundland, rise those beautiful islands from out the sea, the highest peaks reaching up 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the ocean level. Their formation is volcanic; gray rocks near the water almost everywhere rise rather abruptly a few feet with deep caverns in their sides above which slope back beau-



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tiful green, cultivated fields separated by low hedges. The landscape is diversified with little villages, quaint old windmills, picturesque churches, and such a variety of colors — rich browns and greens, grays, reds and yellows — as would delight an artist, while round all, the blue ocean with its white surge borders the shore. We were about two hours passing the larger island, San Miguel, which is thirty-five or forty miles long, and contains a population of one hundred and twenty thousand, about one half that of the whole group.

Its largest town is Ponta Delgada, in passing which we dropped into the sea a half dozen well-corked bottles, one containing letters for you, trusting a chance boatman to rescue them from the waves and post the contents. A mail leaves once a week for Portugal. Ponta Delgada looked very fine with its extensive greenhouses where are raised pineapples that have become celebrated. Frost is unknown here. Without our glasses we could clearly distinguish the people on the shore and mark their movements.

To the right could be dimly discerned

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the outline of the island of Santa Maria where Columbus landed on his return home from his first voyage. One singular thing about this island is that though it is surrounded by salt water, nevertheless, near the top of the hills, a copious spring of fresh water forms a small lake which affords abundant supply for the whole island.

As we steamed past and away from these lovely islands of the sea, the blue sky and softened sunlight, with the subdued haze of the December afternoon, combined to produce a picture of such beauty as I think I have never seen excelled, and afforded us a day of agreeable excitement and interest never to be forgotten. It implanted upon our memories a picture which I trust may never fade.

Saturday, the 9th, was a quiet day spent mostly on deck. There was a fine sunset, a fresh young moon, and an impromptu concert in the evening, followed by a collection for the benefit of the officers' and sailors' fund, which amounted to thirty-four dollars.

Our second Sunday passed pleasantly. At noon we were 380 miles from Gibraltar,

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which we approached in the early gray of Monday morning, the 11th. We looked from our port-holes before daylight to see the light-houses upon the African coast, and about seven o'clock sailed into the bay of Gibraltar, entering on the west or sea side of the rock, quite to my surprise, as I had always supposed we passed the rock first and anchored on its eastern side. As one approaches he is reminded of the familiar picture he sees on posters of the Prudential Insurance Company, so generally distributed by that enterprising association. But I will tell in another letter of Gibraltar, should you care to know our impressions of this extraordinary place.





SUNDAY, NAPLES, Dec. 17, 1899.



OUR visit at Gibraltar was of far greater interest than I had anticipated, and we look back upon it as an event never to be forgotten. We had expected to find a large number of English war vessels in the harbor upon our arrival, but in this we were disappointed; the finest having just left on a short cruise, so we were not privileged to see any of great size. We descended from the "Ems" about eight o'clock in the morning to the small tug-boat, and stepping from it, as we touched shore, were soon confronted with stone walls of massive construction, the gates through which we were to enter standing open, and a guard presented each of us with a ticket admitting to the fortified city.

As we walked up the narrow, winding street, which is the main avenue of the town, we were impressed by the strange

scenes which confronted us on every hand. Such a motley crowd: dark-eyed Spaniards, black-haired, bare-legged Moors, Englishmen, Americans, red-coated British soldiers — civilization commingling with the almost barbarous condition of the Oriental, and there in those pent-up streets, with scarcely room to breathe, they grind and press against each other under the strong arm of strict military discipline which demands and commands both respect and obedience.

Passing up the street we stopped, out of curiosity, to look into the little hotels with their diminutive courts of flowers and palms. We passed a beautiful garden adjoining what might be termed a palace, so fine were all its appointments, and we learned it was the home of one of the city's wealthiest citizens. Finally we came to the gate which admits to another section of the town, and through and beyond this were the most beautiful of public gardens and parks. Here every foot of ground, not otherwise occupied, seemed to have been utilized and beautified in the most careful manner. This is called the Alameda.

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On the left, far up above our heads, rose the rock, and on the right, spread out in colors of the most beautiful green and blue, the Mediterranean ; on one hand Spain in its poverty and humiliation, on the other Africa in its barbarity and filth ; and here in the midst rises this rock, at once a proud example of the best of Christian civilization, and a fortress of impregnable power and strength. The perfect order which prevails throughout, the cleanliness, the discipline, the generous, honest courtesy which one meets everywhere, the sweet-faced English women and their well-dressed, happy children driving about in their pretty little carriages, make one feel that when this stronghold came into English possession there was extended far into the heart of Europe the elevating influences of the modern Anglo-Saxon home, the ideal of what is best and purest in Christian living.

As you have probably read, the neck of land which extends from the mainland of Spain like a bent arm into the sea, forming a harbor at the entrance to the Mediterranean from the Atlantic, has at the end which we might call the hand,

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this stupendous rock, rising 1500 feet above the sea level, while the arm, other than the hand, is almost level with the waves. Therefore the guns of Gibraltar command every foot of approach from Spain by land. The distance across to Morocco, on the other hand, is about sixteen miles so that a fleet, protected under cover of the fortress, would virtually command the entrance to the Mediterranean from the ocean.

We thought that perhaps by application to the Commandant we might have some privileges extended to us that would otherwise be denied, and this made us bold to apply at that official's residence. We were informed he was at breakfast and it was suggested we call half or three quarters of an hour later. This we did and then met another young soldier in full highland costume, who informed us the "Commandant was at breakfast — would we call a half hour later." We stated that our time was limited so the subaltern called a captain who most courteously informed us that really a pass would be of no special benefit to us for our brief stay. He said that a ride to the old

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Moorish citadel and an inspection of the galleries were all we could hope to do and these were open to us ; so, putting out his hand, he cordially bade us adieu.

We left him and, taking a little carriage, commenced the climb up to the citadel. At the gate we left the carriage, registered our names, and continued on foot up through the covered way to the galleries which are hewn in the solid rock. Here huge cannon poke their noses out through rude openings cut for that purpose, and far below on the plateau beyond the walls toward Spain, could be seen a regiment of Scotch Highlanders drilling, while another regiment of Fusiliers with their band was marching to the parade ground.

Just beyond this space where they drill, is a strip of land known as the "neutral ground." It is perhaps 500 feet wide, possibly 1000, extending across the neck or arm. Close to this on one side are the sentinel guard-houses of the Spanish ; on the other march back and forth the English pickets. It is said 6000 Spaniards daily come over into Gibraltar and return ; not one is allowed to remain over night.



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The gates close I think at six and all must be out.

While we were standing on the dock ready to take the little tugboat for our return to the steamer, who should approach us but Mrs. Geo. P. Putnam accompanied by her daughter and Miss Lewis. They had been in Spain and were to take the "Ems" to Naples. They said when they arrived on a previous steamer they were just too late to get into the city before the gate was closed for the night and in consequence had to remain, with eight or nine of their fellow travellers, on the little tugboat all night. In the morning they got their passes into the city but had then to wait half an hour for the gate to open.

I am sure it would be most interesting if one could spend two or three days at Gibraltar and climb to the top of the Rock where the signal tower is located and come down on the other side. Then too one could follow some of the details of the siege which the Rock withstood for three years and seven months, about 1782, when the combined efforts of France and Spain failed to dislodge the little garrison

from its stronghold after desperate assaults on the part of the allies.

The English have had this stronghold since 1704 and I much doubt if it is ever relinquished either by diplomacy or war, as it seems to be absolutely impregnable and British pride and honor are both at stake in its continued possession. It is interesting for an American, whose love of country embraces also that of his English ancestors, to note a historical incident in connection with the attempted capture of Gibraltar just referred to, which illustrates how history sometimes repeats itself.

The allied forces of Spain and France constructed huge floating batteries, and these with their heavy ordnance were moved to available points for storming the citadel. In the conflict these floating batteries were made untenable by the red hot shot of the English guns, and being set on fire were nearly demolished. It was then that the British soldiers' magnanimity manifested itself. Rescuing the perishing Spaniards, at the risk of their own lives, they brought them on shore and in their own hospitals, with tenderest care, nursed them back to life. Just so

our own brave American sailors at Santiago in 1898 rescued the Spaniards on the ill-fated vessels of the Spanish fleet and taught them how, even in battle, Americans, as well as Englishmen, know how to extend the hand of charity and kindness to a brave but defeated foe.

There is another incident in connection with the great siege of Gibraltar which seems to find many counterparts in American experience. It is related that one morning the Spanish Admiral, Don Juan Yangara, visited the British Commander, Admiral Digby. When the Spaniard intimated that he wished to return to his own ship a royal midshipman appeared, touched his hat, and reported that the Admiral's boat was ready. When he was informed that the bearer of the message was none other than the young Duke of Clarence, afterward William Fourth, it is said he remarked: "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea when the humblest stations in her navy are supported by princes of the blood." How often in our history have the best and noblest of our land filled positions of the most menial character and felt themselves

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ennobled by the sacrifice which served so glorious a cause as country and common humanity, thus honoring alike the cause and the individual.

The incident suggests one that is related in connection with our late war. A government vessel while resting at anchor was passed by a beautiful private yacht which saluted as it went by. The officer on duty, turning to a private near by, sharply demanded, "Whose yacht is that?" The modest soldier answered, touching his cap, "It 's mine, sir."

About two o'clock P.M. we were again under way and as we looked back at the bold outline we could not fail to recognize the well-founded resemblance of the rock to a crouching lion.

The balance of our voyage of two and a half days was of little interest. We all went to the table most of the time, having got our "sea-legs" on as they term it. Most of Wednesday we were in sight of the Sardinia coast. Its bleak hills offered no great interest save in the watch-towers at frequent intervals built to protect the inhabitants in the times when pirates used to come over from the African coast.

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Their movements being detected in this way signals were given and preparations made for their reception. These watch-towers are now used by the coast guard. The island of Sardinia, however, is unhealthy, owing to the sirocco, a severe dry wind that originates on the deserts of Africa and, crossing the Mediterranean, dries up everything in the island and generates fever in the marshes. People must needs close their windows and doors an hour before sunset and not open them until an hour after sunrise. The lead and tin mines of the island are worked during some seasons of the year but during the most unhealthy period the miners return to Sicily.

Wednesday evening while at dinner the Captain had the deck beautifully decorated with flags of all nations, and later the band played for a dance, the Captain leading off in the Virginia Reel. Thursday morning about seven, or a little sooner, we anchored in the bay of Naples. Vesuvius was taking a quiet smoke, and rain was threatening, but we got off the steamer about nine o'clock amid a din of Italian patois that was almost deafening,

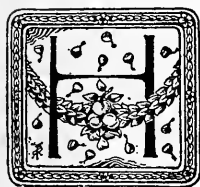
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and a crowd of row-boats which would reach half way to Capri if placed in a straight line. As we approached the shore we cast a grateful glance at the "Ems" which had brought us so safely and pleasantly across the great waters. But our first introduction to the bay of Naples at this time has not been exhilarating and to us the "beautiful blue" is a myth for we have had little but wind and rain and storm since we landed here.





NAPLES, Dec. 20, 1899.



HAVING given in a former letter somewhat in detail our experiences while on the ocean, it occurs to me that I will now recount something of our movements since we arrived in this interesting old city, for interesting it certainly is, with its population of six hundred and fifty thousand. I suppose were it to include all that adjoins it, as New York now does, it would be more than double that figure, for, as we drive along the bay for twelve miles and more, we can not well tell one place from another ; it seems, to a traveler, all Naples.

As we drove in from Pompeii last evening, which occupied some two and a half hours, our coacher remarked during the journey, that when we entered Naples we would find it warmer. I had supposed ourselves in Naples for at least a half hour

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then, but no, we still had another half hour before crossing the city line. It is not its extent which surprises, but the multiplicity of its population to the square yard. There seem, on the average, six children to one, and three women, a man and a donkey on the square yard adjoining. The streets fairly swarm, the churches swarm, the priests swarm, the children swarm, the little one-horse vehicles swarm, the hotels swarm, everything swarms, even the little asses hitched before two-wheeled carts, and droves of goats in the principal streets.

One thing, however, is not abundant; I have seen but two bicycles since I came, and from one of these the rider had just fallen. Indeed, I do not see how there is any chance for wheelmen in a crowd like this, to say nothing of the hills, for Naples is built on a vast semicircle, the houses rising one above another. At the top of all, the old castle of St. Elmo frowns, but its frown means nothing serious now, only the old walls remain, simply a reminiscence of the past, when men fought in armor, and with spear and pikes. We have not paid it even the courtesy of a visit, though



yesterday we climbed far up beside it to stroll for a little while in the cloistered seclusion of St. Martino, once the magnificent quarters of some sixty monks, though now only two are there, and these we did not see. The graves in the court gave evidence of the long line of departed brothers.

The French confiscated this valuable property with all its treasures and relics, but the rich marble chapels remain as evidence of the magnificence which pertains to these great conservatories of the centuried past. From a balcony one gets the most beautiful view of Naples imaginable. We saw it on a cool, cloudy, December afternoon. What it must be when sea and sky are clothed in a deep blue of a summer day was left to our imaginations to picture. The great city was spread like a map below, and the noise which came up to us was not that of ringing bells and steam whistles, but the shout of human voices more than anything else. Vesuvius smoked quietly and looked for all the world as innocent as though it had never swallowed cities for an afternoon's entertainment, and then, after an

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interval, forty thousand people in a day. One can scarcely think of it quietly counting off the centuries at leisure, and now and then indulging in such treachery to the inhabitants who so confidently cluster about its base.

“And yonder Bluest of the Isles  
Fair Capri waits, her sapphire gates  
Beguiling to her bright estates.”

We were told that far to the right there used to be a small town called Dei, which could be seen from this same balcony, so the monks naturally could say, remembering the exceeding beauty of this scene, “See Naples and die.”

The Naples of to-day is not that of fifty years ago; the Lazzaroni of whom we used to see pictures, half clad and swallowing macaroni by the yard, are no longer seen. The poor for the most part seem busy, as if trying to earn a livelihood and, though beggars still abound, their number is greatly reduced. The two-wheeled carry-alls, with a fat friar occupying the one comfortable seat, and twenty or more men, women, boys, and girls hanging on in every kind of way where

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possible, have disappeared. Street cars drawn by horses, fare two cents, three cents first class (the latter with cushioned seats) take the place of the old and less comfortable conveyances. On some streets electric cars are to be found, and low omnibuses that look like diminutive street cars on small wheels go trundling along.

The most common mode of transporting people from one place to another is the use of the little four-wheeled open carriages, with a top like one of our buggies, the driver perched up on a seat in front. The wheels are like toys, the horses small, the harnesses highly decorated with brass or silver mountings, which seem fairly to cover the horses, while in place of a bit there is a bar which rests on the nose just above the mouth, projecting three or four inches on either side, and the lines buckle into each end of this. These little establishments are everywhere, and the argus eye of the driver is ever upon you. If you are alone and wish to go to some point a mile distant, you jump in, give the name of the place, and say "Uno lire," one franc; he never hesitates nor questions the manner of going, but goes,

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lest you may retract and change your mind. If the party consists of three, it is all the same; I have even seen four, besides the driver, wending their way along the "Toledo Via Roma," than which, perhaps, there is not a more crowded thoroughfare in Europe, narrow and winding, with a sidewalk from one to three feet in breadth, and sometimes, in places, none at all. It is paved all the way with lava brought from the vicinity of Vesuvius, while beautiful shops adorn either side.

This busy street is upon the site of what was once, long, long ago, the wall of the city, and is supposed to divide the old town from the new, but which is now the older, I am sure it would puzzle other than an antiquarian to determine. From this street on either hand diverge still narrower ones, the buildings on each side eight or nine stories high, and the street generally inaccessible for horses. Often, instead of a steep ascent, there are stairs in long flights up which the people trudge, and goats and monkeys climb.

Since the conflict which resulted in the establishment of United Italy, Naples, the

second city of the Kingdom, has seen great improvements. It has now an abundant supply of good water, brought from a distance of forty miles, with fountains flowing in the streets. New streets have been cut through the old portions of the city, broad and well paved, where, after the old buildings had been pulled down by the soldiers, beautiful new blocks have been erected on either side, miles in extent. The people are a happy, contented class. We have now been here eight days and have yet to see the first instance of intoxication, rowdyism, cruelty, or quarrelling. The greatest forbearance is noticeable toward the poor and unfortunate, a class which seems to abound everywhere.

The weather has not been propitious, on the contrary, it has been cold, rainy, and, for the first day or two, very wintry. It was a sight to see the waves break along the wharf, throwing the spray quite across the street. There is an old castle, Del Ovo, which stands out from the shore, a most conspicuous object from every point of view; the waves in great white sheets would cover its dark, moss-covered sides two-thirds of the way to the top. Despite

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the weather, men with bare feet are not uncommon as they pass with loads upon their heads, and the women carry their burdens in the same manner ; they all look so straight and strong it is a pleasure to watch them.

There are said to be three hundred and forty odd churches in Naples, and the number of gowned priests with round-top, broad-brimmed hats that are seen would almost lead you to think there must be a thousand. The great Catholic event in Naples is the Liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the Patron Saint of the city. This is kept in a glass bottle, and is supposed to liquefy three times during the year, when it is carried in great state and ceremony to the high altar in the cathedral. The head of the saint is carried at the same time, and when they come together the miracle is supposed to occur. Both are kept under lock and key ; one key is in the possession of the municipality, and the other in that of the Archbishop, and neither will open the casket without the aid of the other.

December 16th is one of the dates set for the liquefaction, and we went early to

the cathedral to see the ceremony. Addressing myself to an old, grey-haired, rather fine looking man in a red robe who was just entering one of the confessional boxes, and whose face indicated long vigils, I inquired if I might detain him to ask a question, to which he replied he was willing to do anything for my conversion. I thanked him, and asked if the miracle of St. Januarius would take place that morning. He said that was with God alone; if God were willing it would, otherwise not. We then noticed that preparations were being made for some ceremony at the entrance to the beautiful chapel of the saint, which it is said cost over a million dollars, and going near we awaited the result.

Soon the procession formed and marched to the high altar; we followed and there, fortunately, met the Bishop from Montana whose acquaintance we had made on the "Ems." He was very kind and pointed out to us the noblemen who attended in citizens dress, in a body of seven or eight, the Archbishop, the Cardinal, the Canons, the Academicians. Some were in gorgeous dress, but, alas, the

blood would not liquefy. It seldom does in December, but it did not seem to make any great difference so far as we could discover. Again and again the Canon carrying the precious relic passed around the circle in front and the devout kissed the glass then pressed it to the head and breast. Finally it was replaced, and in great state, with a canopy carried above it and followed by an immense throng, was carried through the great nave of the Cathedral, which was packed with people, and out through the large doors in front and down the street.

I have read somewhere that when Napoleon was in Naples it chanced to be at a time other than one of the respective dates contemplated for the liquefaction to occur; he requested to see the miracle performed and was informed that he could not as the blood would not liquefy upon notice. He sent word that unless the blood liquefied within twenty-four hours he would bombard the chapel, and as a result it liquefied within the specified time.

On Sunday, in contrast to all this pomp and circumstance, we went to a quiet little



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Presbyterian church and listened to an excellent sermon on the duty of women. The congregation sang and the simple service was delightfully refreshing. On Monday we attended a solemn requiem mass for the repose of the souls of Englishmen who have fallen in the Transvaal, Englishmen and Americans were particularly invited.

One of the features of Naples is the immense number of shops for the sale of coral and cameos, and one has to keep a close hold on the purse strings or there would be little left as the articles are so pretty and the carvings so artistic. But the one thing which every one goes to see is the museum, where are arranged the paintings, mosaics, bronzes etc., from Herculaneum and Pompeii and from other cities in southern Italy, where discoveries of treasure have been made.

One night we attended the opera. I purchased a very desirable box for the sum of seven francs, and our conveyance to and from cost us three more, so for our party of three we expended about two dollars. There was an orchestra of forty persons and the singing fine. It com-

menced at nine-thirty; we remained until nearly twelve, at the close of the third act, when we retired. I am told when the opera at St. Carlos occurs after Christmas, it commences at ten and closes about two A.M. This we hope to see later as it is one of the largest opera buildings in Europe, built in 1737, and adjoins the palace of the Prince of Naples.

This palace we visited on Thursday, when it is open to the public from twelve to three o'clock. It is very extensive and beautiful in its exterior, nearly surrounded with fine gardens, and within there is much that is interesting in the way of tapestries, paintings, and grand rooms—the throne room, dining, audience, ball rooms, and others. From there we went to another palace, known as Capo di monte, a summer palace with a park about it. It is located in the upper part of the city, but the King and Queen rarely come here, attractive as it is. There are in this palace very many beautiful works of art; paintings, sculpture, bronzes, and mosaics.

One day we drove to the Campo Santo to see how the Neapolitans dispose of their dead. We went also to the Campo

Veccio where we saw 366 stone pits, each with a square flat stone at the top which could be lifted with a hand derrick. Thirty years ago, when I was here before, one of these lids was lifted every day of the year, and toward night all burials of the poor were performed by dropping the body, uncoffined, into these pits, the stone replaced and there left undisturbed for a year. But this has now been changed; in the new Campo Santo the burial is made in the ground, and after a few months, if the friends desire, the bones are taken up and placed in a receptacle on the side of the enclosure, tier above tier, where a marble tablet can be fitted recording the name and date. In the adjoining ground, where the wealthy and distinguished are buried, were many beautiful monuments.

One feature of Naples impresses one as exceptionally peculiar. Unlike our American cities, the rich are not located in one quarter and the poor in another, on the contrary there is everywhere the most indiscriminate mixing of the two. The beautiful villa, surrounded with its orange groves and gardens, often rises from sur-

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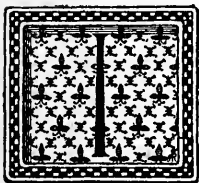
roundings of poverty in crowded streets ; a palace is seen in the third, fourth, and fifth stories, while in the first are shops, the main entrance in the centre being the approach to the stables, and the poor are seen, perhaps in squalor, across the way. But the beautiful bay, the mild atmosphere, the usual prevalence of sunshine, rendering gardens a possibility all the year, combine to make Naples, as it has been from the time of the Grecians, and later the Romans, a favorite place of residence, despite the proximity of Vesuvius and occasional earthquakes.

This is Christmas eve, so permit me, in closing, to wish you not only "A Merry Christmas" but "A Happy New Year."





AMALFI, ITALY, Dec. 26, 1899.



AM wondering if our friends at home have noticed the alarming accounts published in the "New York Herald" respecting the serious disaster at Amalfi. I sincerely hope if they have they have not felt worried on our account. The disaster, bad as it is, is little as compared with what the "Herald" account would imply, which states that the whole population, seven thousand in number, has abandoned the place in fear of further trouble.

Amalfi has long been a sort of Mecca toward which I have turned in contemplation of a possible return to Italy. The drive from Salerno along the shore here, remains in my memory as one of the most beautiful of my former European experiences, and when I have seen pictures of the old monastery which had been converted into a hotel, I have again and

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again promised myself a second visit to Amalfi.

After a few days of sight-seeing in Naples, during which Katherine took cold, I said, "We will leave in the morning for Amalfi and there, in the warm sunshine and quiet of the old monastery, this cold will soon disappear. It will be most interesting to spend Sunday and Christmas looking out upon the blue of the Mediterranean from the old Capuchine grotto, basking in the sunshine amid these quaint cloister niches which face the sunny south." We were up early and, having everything packed in readiness, went down to breakfast.

Imagine our startled surprise when an American who had spent some time in Italy, and who had acquired a knowledge of Italian, came over to us with the morning paper in which was a telegram from Amalfi saying a portion of the bank near the Grand Albergo Cappucini Convento, the hotel I had been looking forward to, had fallen into the sea, carrying a portion of the hotel with it, and another hotel, the Catarini, had been entirely buried in the ruins. The despatch said, be-

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sides, that several lives had been lost, among them two English ladies who were guests of the hotel Catarini.

You can guess what a shock it was to us—to say nothing of our disappointment, which was of little moment considering the magnitude of the disaster and the possibilities which it disclosed. Had we started a day earlier we would in all probability have been guests in the house, possibly located in the very portion which fell, for the rooms that were carried away had been vacated only two hours before by Americans, who ate their breakfast in them with no thought of danger. As I write there is sitting near me a very pleasant English gentleman and his wife who bade these same people good-bye in those very rooms about ten o'clock and the disaster followed at twelve. This lady has just been relating to us her experience. She says the night before, she awoke with a feeling of great anxiety and apprehension. Awakening her husband she told him of her feelings—that she thought they were falling down the cliff, the hotel and all: he laughed at her fears and told her to go to sleep. So strangely do “com-

ing events cast their shadows before them."

But what a striking illustration of the mutability of human events was that of the two English ladies, one a young woman, about twenty-five years of age — her father a member of Parliament — and her companion. Two weeks ago they were in Naples, attended the little Presbyterian church there, where we went a week later; they were invited by the pastor after service to spend part of the afternoon at his house, which they did. Continuing their journey to Amalfi on Monday, they went to the Catarini. On Friday they mailed a Christmas card to the minister in Naples, from which he concluded they were guests at this hotel. Saturday morning, seeing the telegram in the paper, he arrived at the conclusion that these must be the English ladies who had called upon him. On Monday he came to Amalfi and is still here awaiting the arrival of the father of the young lady.

It appears that they had gone that morning for a walk and, returning at noon, the landlord informed them of impending danger. They insisted they must go in to



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secure some money which was in their room; he besought them not to go, but they went inside the building. Almost immediately the crash followed, and not a vestige of the hotel remains. There were small fishing boats in the water below the cliff, some of which, with their occupants, were buried in the sea. I will enclose a card showing the portions that fell; about three windows of the Cappucini hotel were carried away; there were probably about eighteen persons killed. The hotel was immediately abandoned until a full examination could be made.

We are at the Cappucini Alla Marina, close by the water, and kept by the same people—three brothers; at least there were three, though one has recently died. They also keep the Hotel de Londres at Cava dei Terrini, said to be the best hotel in Italy. We spent our Christmas morning there before coming here. It must be delightful there in April. Now, to be frank, Italy is cold. It is her winter, and suitable provision is not made for keeping warm. I have given up all expectation of being really comfortable again before April.

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The housekeeper has been giving me a graphic description of her experience Friday morning. She says, as soon as the stones began to fall they commenced to remove things from that end of the hotel. They had already got sofas, piano, and other things out, but not the carpet. The old gardener was unscrewing the mirror, when his arm felt the wall moving. He shouted to them "run for your lives," which they all did, so no one from that hotel was lost.

From the piazza of our hotel the ruins are in full view, only a very short distance away. The Chief of Public Works, with a number of other gentlemen, are here to-day making examinations. I imagine Americans will be quite unwilling to sleep in the old convent hereafter, even though assured it is safe. A large crowd is all the time on the quay in front of our hotel looking at the huge rocks, and gesticulating in the usual excited Italian style.

We wish to go on to Sorrento by the new road, but the tunnel is directly beneath these rocks, a part of which fell, and hence there is no way but to take a row-boat and be ferried around to the

other side, beyond where the accident occurred. But to-day it has rained nearly all the time, the waves are high, and the landing and embarking most difficult of accomplishment, to say nothing of a climb up the rocks from the sea to the roadway. Just what we shall do remains a matter of doubt, for I am sure the row would be a most uncomfortable experience. We are awaiting developments. In the meantime I will tell you of our visit to the ruins of Pæstum, which are about thirty miles from Cava.

Now while we could probably make the trip in less than an hour if it were in America, it is a different affair traveling by rail in Italy, and we accomplished the journey in a little over three hours, traveling the whole distance so slowly we might well have fallen victims to the malaria which is said to infect the long level we must needs cross to reach the venerable ruins which remain, the only landmarks of a once large and prosperous city. But if we did capture the fever it is yet to manifest itself.

These ruined Greek temples of Pæstum are the finest and best preserved, it is said,

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outside of Greece, and are very interesting. The temple of Neptune, with its thirty-six columns, twenty-eight feet high, and seven and a half in diameter, is the most beautiful, though all marble and outer finish have either been removed or fallen into decay. Nothing remains now but the massive blocks of travertine over which crawl lizards and an occasional snake, while ferns grow in the niches.

As I simply mentioned in my letter from Naples one day while at that place, we went to Pompeii and walked along its streets which have been buried under the ashes from Vesuvius for nearly nineteen hundred years. The uncovered houses give evidence of the wealth and refinement of some of its inhabitants. An occasional skeleton found here and there has told of death and agony, but to me these rare evidences of suffocation are not so impressive as the thought of the thousands in the midst of happy homes and manifold comforts, who in a day were made homeless and penniless. What could be more appalling to contemplate! My heart aches for these people, though nearly twenty centuries intervene between

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us—and still the old mountain smokes away!

One morning at Naples I was up before sunrise, everything calm and peaceful, and there, from the apex of Vesuvius, a bar of smoke stretched in one unbroken line straight out to sea for miles. In a little while I looked again. The sun was just appearing over the hills and its touch had changed that great bar into one as of fire—the mountain appeared as if it were belching flame! You can believe I soon had all the party up to see the wonderful sight, for as the volcano is at present comparatively quiet we may never see it again under such favorable auspices. It was a sight I shall never forget.

The Italians do not seem to have caught the beautiful spirit of Christmas that prevails with the Germans and with us. The day in Italy is given over largely to the exploding of fire-crackers and firing of pistols. But we did not wish Christmas to pass without doing something to put ourselves in touch with the sacred sentiment of the day, so on Sunday evening Mabel, Alethe and I started about ten o'clock in a carriage for the

Church la Trinita della Cava. This was originally consecrated by the Pope in 1027 though the present church is quite modern, retaining its old pulpit however. We were told that it has one of the best organs in Italy and that there would be midnight mass from ten to twelve, and high mass from twelve to two.

The church is located far up the mountain, about three quarters of an hour's climb. It was a lovely moonlight, or rather starlight evening, the moon just showing itself above the horizon upon our return. It was a strangely beautiful ride in the fresh, clear, invigorating mountain air, with the stars never so bright, and the road winding about in the most mysterious manner under archways and along white walls on either side, often a little lamp burning before a figure or painting of the Virgin. At last we reached the church and had some difficulty in finding our way into it, but once there, the effect was pleasing in the extreme. There were perhaps fifty choir boys, and their melodious voices blending with the sweet tones of the organ as the mass was being intoned, the soft light of the candles, and

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the quiet of the small congregation combined to make the scene most impressive.

We had a note to a nice-looking old priest, who sat in his confessional box quite sound asleep as we entered. On being aroused by an attendant who delivered our introduction, he hastened to show his courtesy and good will. He went quickly out and soon the good priest and two attendants returned with chairs for us which were placed just outside the choir, in front of every one else. We remained until ten minutes after twelve, then wishing each other "A Merry Christmas" we quietly withdrew, driving back to the hotel. The next morning, after a breakfast before a nice bright fire in our room, we presented to each other our little Christmas remembrances.





SORRENTO, January 1, 1900.



FROM our balcony here at Sorrento we look out upon extensive orange groves, the trees laden with bright, yellow oranges, which in the warm sunshine suggest quite the reverse of our northern January winter. We have been by steamer to the Island of Capri, and visited while there the celebrated Blue Grotto. Afterwards we drove through the narrow streets of the town, and up the mountain to Ana Capri, enjoying the fine views in every direction. Returning to the mainland, we saw not far distant two Italian war ships, making their way along the coast. It is probable there are no more formidable and certainly no more ponderous instruments of war afloat than these Italian battleships, whose hulks of double-plated steel, with oak between, together have a thickness of over two feet, and they carry



as armament the heaviest guns of any battleships in the world.

We could not be content to leave this sequestered little town without driving over the beautiful road that has been constructed from here to Amalfi, completed some five years since. It first ascends by an easy winding grade to the shoulder of the mountain and then, descending, follows along the southern shore. For beauty and picturesque effect it is scarcely less attractive and interesting than the drive from Amalfi to Salerno, of which we have already written. It was while our three horses were slowly plodding along, and our eyes were feasting upon the beauty about us, that our attention was directed to the fact that, at the very spot we were then passing, less than a year previous, a young married lady had accidentally fallen over the low stone parapet at the side of the roadway and, striking on the rocks far below, had been killed.

It was related that she and her husband, who, by the way, were guests at the same hotel where we were staying, had often driven over the road, it being

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their favorite drive. On this occasion they had chosen to go alone, having one horse and a light phaeton, the gentleman driving. When they arrived at this spot, according to the husband's story, a rosette had fallen from the horse's bridle and he dismounted to get it. As he returned a few steps to recover the lost ornament, the wife of her own accord alighted from the carriage and, approaching the wall, had turned to seat herself upon it when, stepping upon a loose stone lost her balance and, falling backward over the precipice, fell far down upon the rocks below. The husband returning to Sorrento with the lifeless body told this harrowing tale, which was accepted by the authorities as true. As I listened to this sad recital my sympathies were aroused for the poor man who, in addition to his affliction in the loss of his companion, must henceforth suffer the sense of a suspicion that possibly he might himself have been in some manner responsible for the terrible tragedy, and hence his whole life made a burden by that ever present doubt from which alone his own conscience could give him relief. Our sym-

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pathy for those two unfortunates cast a sudden shadow over the spirits of our party which lingered with us far along the beautiful roadway.

In the evening, after dinner, while enjoying a quiet talk in the smoking-room with an agreeable Englishman who had spent the previous winter at Sorrento, and who therefore would naturally be quite familiar with the incident just referred to, I expressed to him my feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate survivor of such a tragedy. Imagine my surprise when he informed me that my commiseration was quite unnecessary; that in truth the man, a Frenchman, had, some months before, applied for an insurance upon his wife's life, of three hundred thousand francs. After a refusal or two from those who had looked him up he secured the policy from a company, and the papers had been executed. When he applied for the money, after the tragedy, the fact of his other application was communicated to the company, suspicions were aroused and he was arrested. Careful inquiry was made, and it then came to light that a lad had witnessed his pushing the woman

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over the bank. Not long after, the miserable wretch committed suicide in his cell. Thus one is impressed with the significance of the well known line, conceived by one who well knew the human heart,

Where every prospect pleases, and only man  
is vile.

But an account of our visit to the vicinity of Naples would be quite incomplete did we omit to tell of our ascent of Vesuvius, which was made upon a pleasant day with bright sunshine everywhere. We left Naples by carriage, driving along the bay as far as Resina, which stands above the buried city of Herculaneum, and thence through fields of lava of various dates, 1836, 1872, 1895, over which a carriage road is built. This is a road which, from time to time, must be changed and reconstructed as fresh streams of lava make alterations in its course necessary. Finally about two P.M. we reached the foot of the railroad up the mountain, where we lunched. Then taking seats on the open elevating car we were soon ascending at an angle of about sixty degrees which seemed little less than perpendicular.

When the car finally stopped near the foot of the cone, emerging from the shelter of the landing, we were literally captured by the guides, one could hardly tell how many in number, and through fine, dry ashes a foot or two in depth, into which we settled at every step, were hurried, lifted, pulled, dragged—we scarcely knew how—up the cone to its edge, which surrounds the crater.

Standing there on the windward edge of the gulf to avoid the smoke and sulphurous gases, and with a sharp breeze blowing, one could see but a little way into the crater, which was opaque with the reek of the subterranean fires. But at intervals of a few seconds from the depths below would come a terrible roar, almost instantly followed by a discharge of stone and lava and refuse that would rise far above the mountain and then fall back into the immeasurable depths of the crater. These irruptions would fairly shake the mountain and made a startling and sublime sight. But it was one which did not invite to a prolonged lingering to take in the situation.

Returning, two guides firmly grasped

the arms near the shoulders, one on either side, then the group of three, leaning back at an angle of about forty-five degrees, would race down the cone in a series of leaps, striking perhaps every five or six feet and burying each individual knee-deep in ashes. Arrived at the head of the railway, the task of settling with the guides was something suggestive of what must have been the confusion at the Tower of Babel, and the calm experienced when once again seated in our carriage was much like that which follows a storm. We needed the long drive back to Naples to recover from excitements so varied.

I must not neglect to mention that one day when driving we chanced to meet his Excellency the Crown Prince of Naples (so soon after to become King of Italy by the assassination of his honored father, King Humbert.—How suddenly these great events follow each other in this little world of ours!)

One of the beautiful drives in Naples is to the ruins of Cumæ, which was a Greek city, founded a thousand years before Christ. Nothing remains save an occasional ruin, while now and then the plow-

share turns up a relic to remind the antiquarian that the green fields he sees were once covered by a large and prosperous city. Near by is Puteoli, where the apostle Paul informs us he landed on his way to Rome. Still may be seen a remnant of the very pavement that it is probable he trod on that memorable journey when his friends came out from Rome to meet him at "The Three Taverns"—"whom when Paul saw he thanked God, and took courage." Near by also are the extensive remains of an amphitheatre in which Nero is said to have in person assumed the part of a gladiator.

On our way back to Naples from the trip to Cumæ there was pointed out to us the home of that great modern patriot the celebrated Garibaldi, where he died a little less than twenty years ago. We drove also to the old grotto of Posilipo, which is, in effect, a tunnel through the hill that surrounds Naples, and which descends on the north quite to the sea. The present grotto is eight hundred feet long, quite narrow, and forty feet high. It is lighted by gas, but there are a few days in the fall and spring when the

setting sun shines directly through it and the effect is most strange and bewilderingly mysterious. No wonder the place was once thought to be in some way associated with his Satanic Majesty.

Thus it will be seen we have visited the objects of greatest interest in Naples and vicinity, and are ready to pack and get under way for Rome, though we would fain linger longer and watch the spring as it comes so early into this bay of ethereal blue, where winter is scarcely known and where sunshine takes on its brightest coloring.

And now, as we enter upon this last year of the century, let us express the hope that it may be to you a happy one.







ROME, Jan. 12, 1900.



WHEN I had the pleasure of approaching the "Eternal City" thirty-three years ago, it was from the north; this time we came from the south, after our pleasant stay in Naples and its vicinity. But from whatever direction one arrives one experiences a feeling akin to awe as the mysterious silence of the broad Campagna stretches around and about, with the Sabine and Albine mountains in the distance, and great ruins of aqueducts which for miles point the traveler toward Rome. Even as one approaches by the modern mode of steam cars, these feelings are none the less and the impression grows upon the mind after one has entered the city, visited the Forum, and trod the Via Sacra, along which the Roman victors with the spoils of conquest and prisoners of war marched into the capital itself, or yet more when

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you drive out through the old gate or Porta St. Sebastiano a few miles, and returning, approach by the Appian Way, the route over which the victorious armies always entered Rome.

On either side are these magnificent tombs of departed Romans, now but huge piles of stones and brick, despoiled of the beautiful carvings, of varied marbles, and statues of rarest workmanship that once adorned them. At the gate stood the temple of Mars, where, before entering the city, the armies halted for a time. How difficult for the mind to picture the scenes that must have presented themselves! Scenes so in contrast with our modern warfare and civilization! Certainly there is ample food for thought and speculation. We have not been in Rome a week, yet that has been time sufficient for us to begin to comprehend that there is material sufficient for the study of a lifetime. One does not wonder that year after year people come to Rome, while some, once here, remain, captivated by the omnipresent feeling of the past, and made most comfortable by the surroundings of the present, for really

there seems to be everything here that one can desire. Do not think from this, however, that our party has any other idea than getting away very soon.

When one considers the fact that the history of Rome covers a period of over half that of the profane history of the world, its magnitude begins to dawn upon the mind. Here are found statues and columns from Greece and Egypt which were in existence 1500 years before Christ. To stand upon the Palatine amid the ruins of palacès of Cæsars, and look across what was once a swamp, to the Capitoline, where the Sabine encampment was, and between which afterward rose the Roman forum when the swamp referred to had been drained by the Cloaca Maxima into the Tiber, is to take a long look backward into the past. It is hard to believe that one is actually standing where so many great events, of which we have read from childhood, actually transpired. Here on this very spot Julius Cæsar fell in the height of his glory, struck down by Brutus, and there Mark Antony stood when he pronounced the funeral oration over his dead body, and revenged his death.

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Yonder stood the Golden House of Nero ; there the temple of Janus, the doors of which were never closed in the time of war ; there was the home of the vestal virgins, and here the altar where the sacred fire never ceased to burn !

Though the buildings and accumulations of centuries have buried these historic marvels fifty feet below the present surface, the enterprise of our times, aided by intelligent archæological study, and immense expenditure of money, is bringing much to the light. Year by year the story of the past is becoming better understood while the same enterprise, not content with thus unveiling the mysteries of the past, is fast building up amid the ruins of this old city, a new one which, from present indications, will in time be one of the most beautiful as well as most interesting in Europe. Since it has become the capital of United Italy great changes have taken place. Real-estate speculations have been rife here which, in a way, seem very much out of place in Rome. This feature is at first a little disappointing if one looks no deeper than the surface, but there are still left

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miles and miles of narrow, winding, mysterious streets that lead one in such a maze that all reckoning of one's whereabouts is quite lost. Of the one hundred and thirty castles that were at one time within the walls, you do not see so much now as you do of the immense palaces which still cover in many instances entire blocks.

While the supremacy of the Church is not so manifest as when I was here before, yet there is much of the "pomp and circumstance" which suggests to the mind the old sacrificial rites, when with great ceremony the saturnalian procession carried the ashes from the Temple of Vesta and deposited them in the Temple of Saturn, a ceremony which took place at night and gave rise to the term Saturnalia. In a way the deeply religious atmosphere of Rome seems in harmony with the facts that crowd upon the mind. We know that Paul was here "in his own hired house for two years," that he preached here, that the very gate through which he entered Rome can still be visited, and there is no doubt but that here he suffered martyrdom. Peter too was probably here, and suffered martyrdom, though

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no reliable record has come down to us, and near by the Forum stands the Colosseum where so many Christians suffered themselves to be devoured by wild beasts rather than forswear the faith they had espoused. Here lived and died Linus, the first Christian Bishop or Presbyter after Paul and Peter. How much more real seem the Epistles to the Romans when read here, where those to whom they were addressed lived, or others written by those who had actually lived here.

One day we visited perhaps the oldest church where Christian services have been held in Rome, La Pudenziana. You will recall that in Paul's second epistle to Timothy, twenty-first verse, he says "and Pudens greeteth thee." This old church stands upon the site of the house where this same Pudens lived. He was a Roman Senator, a man of affairs, and Peter is said to have lodged with him from 41 to 50 A.D., a period of nine years. Through the apostle's preaching Pudens's two daughters, Prassede and Pudenziana became Christians, and he there, during that time, baptized very many. The church first built on this spot was conse-

crated in 145. The two daughters of Pudens suffered martyrdom, as did many others in those days of terrible persecution. The same verse to which I have referred mentions Linus who became first in authority after the death of Paul and Peter. His grave-stone, with the simple word Linus, was brought to light not long since when making some improvements near St. Peter's, which is supposed to stand upon the spot where Peter was crucified in the Circus of Nero, and the finding of this tablet would seem confirmatory of the fact that Peter was also buried where St. Peter's now stands.

In the church of which I speak there is a piece of the table which there is every reason to believe was the one used by the Apostle Peter for a communion table; Cardinal Wiseman so believed and had the table removed to the Lateran for safe keeping. We also visited the church of St. Clements, perhaps the least altered of any here. It is most interesting from the fact that it was partly rebuilt in 1108 and a few years ago when some repairs were being made at an adjoining building they came upon frescoed walls, and

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finally unearthed an older church buried twenty feet below, which had been lost sight of for seven hundred and fifty years. The earth was removed and today the entire old basilica can be explored with a light. Very curious it is with its atrium, quadriputicus, nave, choirs, ambones, ancient marble screen, high altar, presbytery, tribune, episcopal chair of white marble, etc. Even in this lower church there are marble columns, of many kinds and lengths, showing that it too was built of material from still older buildings. Thus, in this marvelous place, the centuries are piled one above another.

In this connection it is interesting to consider how the gospel having its origin among the poor and lowly, or rather I should say, being first preached by our Lord to such, and its first converts being simple fishermen, soon began to have followers among the wealthy and educated, until at last it reached the throne, and the leader of the Roman army became himself, a Christian. Finally the pagan temples crumbled to ruins, and behold St. Peter's, costing fifty millions of dollars, stands in the midst of other structures,



each only in degree less magnificent !  
 The Colosseum that once furnished  
 amusement for a Roman holiday, where  
 wild beasts feasted on Christian martyrs,  
 has long ago become a ruin, crumbling to  
 dust.

One of the interesting places in Rome  
 today is the Protestant burying-ground,  
 where tall, green junipers stand like senti-  
 nels about the quiet resting places of  
 many familiar names. Since I was here  
 there have been added Mary and Wil-  
 liam Howitt, Gibson the sculptor, and  
 many others less known to us; but no  
 one of English origin fails to seek the  
 grave of Shelley, with its well-known  
 lines,

“ Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea change  
 Into something rich and strange ”

and further on, in the old part, that of John  
 Keats, with the inscription, “ This grave  
 contains all that was mortal of a young,  
 English Poet, who, on his death-bed, in  
 the bitterness of his heart at the mali-  
 cious power of his enemies desired these  
 words to be engraved on his tombstone ” :

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

He died at twenty-six and Shelley at thirty. The house in which Keats died is at the foot of the Piazza de Spagna stairs. Thus the graves of these young men, of such wonderful poetic genius, are in the same city as that of that other wonderful man whose paintings have made his name illustrious, and who died at the age of thirty-seven, regretted by the whole world. But instead of a simple monument to mark their repose, the bones of Raphael, Prince of Painters, lie beneath that great temple of the Pantheon, beside Italy's honored king, Victor Emanuel — a fitting tomb for one of such great worth.

The Pantheon has withstood the pillage of two hundred tons of bronze (four of which were of nails alone) and, though despoiled of some of its marble, has still, after two thousand years, its sixteen superb columns, Egyptian granite monoliths nearly fifty feet high and five in diameter; its walls twenty feet in thickness, in whose niches once stood, beside Venus and Mars, statues of Augustus and

Agrippa, as well as Julius Cæsar after he was made a god. The opening of twenty-eight feet in diameter at the top is now closed with glass ; and there seems no reason to doubt but that this most remarkable structure will last for twenty centuries or more to come.

Scarcely less interesting, perhaps more so, is that other great tomb, Hadrian's, which, built for a sepulchre, has for more than fifteen hundred years served as a fortress, a retreat for Popes in times of war, and long known as Castello Sant' Angelo. It is the place where the Papal treasure of money was secured, and is rendered accessible by the covered way connecting it with the Vatican, though distant perhaps half a mile.

One of the earliest pictures that I hung upon my walls was an engraving of Beatrice Cenci in her cell, with the grated window above, and it was with much interest that I found my way to this very cell, entered by an opening perhaps four feet high. There on the dirt floor which never knew finer covering than straw, with a hole seven or eight feet deep for a grave ( though in the case of Beatrice her

grave was elsewhere); with a small opening in the roof for the passing in of food; with a dim light through the grated window; there in that living grave this beautiful young woman was for a long time imprisoned. Not far away was also the similar cell in which that genius Benvenuto Cellini for years suffered worse than death for no crime. Who can ever recount the scenes of bloodshed and suffering that these old walls have witnessed! In a room known as that of the Inquisition, two holes in the floor mark the spot where a cardinal was strangled.

But I must draw this long letter to a close; when one starts to talk of Rome there seems no place to stop, like the mighty turbid Tiber, whose tide flows on forever.





ROME, Jan. 26, 1900.



WE are nearing the close of our third week in Rome, and are beginning to realize that the time for packing trunks and moving on is near at hand. One can never exhaust this storehouse of history, but three weeks is quite sufficient to fill one's mind with material for long, long thoughts and it is always well to leave something for the next visit. We have feasted our eyes on these marvelous works of art, the productions of Michael Angelo and Raphael, have stood before the Laocoön, the Apollo Belvidere, and other productions almost as beautiful. That marble statue of Pompey, at whose base it is probable Julius Cæsar fell, cannot fail to command admiration, to say nothing of the interest one feels in it by reason of historical association.

We have stood beside the tomb of the

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great Scipios, now in the Vatican, to which place the sarcophagi have been removed from the ancient tomb in the Via Appia, have walked the narrow ways of the St. Calixtus Catacombs where so many of the early Christians sought refuge from their persecutors, have stood at the foot of the sacred stairs and seen the devotees ascend upon their knees, kissing again and again each sacred step, because they believe them to be the very ones which were in Pilot's house, and therefore to have been pressed by our Savior's feet. The stairs are now covered with their third protection of wood, so great is the wear upon them.

We have sauntered along the mysterious passages of the Colosseum in the moonlight, and repeopled it with its eighty thousand seated spectators, and in fancy witnessed the heroic forms of martyred saints as they watched the ravenous wild beasts crouching in preparation to spring upon their prey, and we have listened as we almost seemed to hear the shout of the unsympathizing crowd which only laughed to see their terror.

With thousands of other art lovers we

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have admired that beautiful production, the statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, which was to form part of a magnificent monument to Pope Julius II., but instead, the Pontiff sleeps in St. Peter's with but a simple slab to indicate his grave. Even thus quickly are the great forgotten and their places filled. We have visited gallery after gallery of beautiful paintings and frescoes until almost worn out with enthusiasms.

Travelers in Rome today have great advantage over those of half a century ago, as there are several very intelligent men who make it their business to lecture upon the places of interest here, and, having given the subject upon which they discourse very careful study, the attentive listener can easily learn a great deal of Roman history without a vast amount of effort or research. And it is a most interesting way to study history too, standing on the very spot where some well-known event actually took place.

We have had with us, in some of our walks, Signor Spadoni who lectures twice a day at different places. Though an Italian, he speaks good English and has

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watched the unearthing of Ancient Rome, as he says, "spade by spade." We spent one afternoon with him on the Palatine Hill, the home of the Cæsars. Augustus was the first to build a palace there, then followed another by Tiberius, after him Caligula's, and then the Golden House of Nero, which extended far beyond the Palatine. Nero's palace was followed by another by Demetrius and again after a hundred years with one by Septimius Severus. The whole system connected one with another, until the hill was covered as with a mighty group of palaces. Now it is all a great pile of ruins, upon which the Gardens of the Farnese, and houses that have long been old, have stood for hundreds of years. The original walls of the first fortress erected on the Palatine Hill, it is believed, were built five or six hundred years before Romulus and his twin brother were nurtured by their unnatural mother! Well did Byron write:

"Behold the imperial mount!  
'T is thus the mighty fall."

But the ruins are not to remain an undiscovered country. Excavations are be-



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ing extended and buried walls disclosed. Today we can walk the very pavement upon which Caligula stood and behold the hall, where he was so suddenly set upon and murdered. It goes without saying he *was* murdered. No one who was a Roman Emperor could scarce expect to die in any other way. At least it is a fact that of the thirty-nine or forty Roman rulers after Julius Cæsar, twenty-five were murdered, two committed suicide, only twelve died natural deaths, and one or two abdicated.

We found in Rome a very pleasant Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Gray is pastor, and have much enjoyed his services, his preaching, especially Sunday afternoons, being in great measure upon subjects in one way and another relating to Rome. Thus last Sunday his sermon was to show that the prophecy of Daniel, 9th chapter, foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem and referred to by Christ in 24th of Matthew, was fulfilled perfectly by the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. This victory is commemorated by the Arch of Titus, upon which is chiseled the golden candlestick and other treasures

of the Jews. He also lectured one afternoon upon the Apostle Luke in Rome.

Today we visited the remains of the Porta Capena in the Servian wall, through which there is every reason to believe Paul entered Rome. As to Peter, there appears to be no positive evidence that he was ever in Rome, neither is there anything, certain, to the contrary. It really is not a matter of very much importance so far as the Protestant Church is concerned, but quite vital to Catholicism, for, if he never was here, St. Peter's would seem to be out of place.

It is estimated that Rome had a population of over three millions about the time of the apostles. Of what trifling moment must have been the coming or going of these quiet individuals, one at least a prisoner and in chains, and how great must have been their faith when they looked upon the proud city and realized how small the company of their faithful followers! yet, behold, here was the heaven which even yet is to extend its influence throughout the world until every knee shall bow and acknowledge the Christ the Apostles so loved, and "proclaim Him

Lord of Lords and King of Kings." They could little anticipate a time when Rome should scarcely boast of a thousand inhabitants, and was really saved only by accident, as it were, from becoming utterly lost, as were Nineveh and Babylon. This city, whose Circus Maximus could seat four hundred and fifty thousand people, at one time shrank to the population of a country village.

Today as we look over this beautiful city from the Janiculum, in front of the splendid equestrian statue of Garibaldi, one may well question if there be another view in the whole world, covering so much that is interesting, so much that is valuable. How much of historical interest, mythological, Pagan, Christian; how much of art—a veritable storehouse of the centuries,—of architecture, ancient, mediæval, renaissance, modern; how much of our literature is connected with scenes and events that center in Rome; to say nothing of the Church which still regards it as its mecca. One stands in admiration before this great, beautiful city of the present, which under the influence of modern civilization and the fresher life

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of United Italy can but be destined to a great and glorious career in the future.

The present King and Queen are very popular I am told, are in sympathy with the people and deeply interested for the advancement of what is best. Victor Emanuel, while adapted in a way for the stormy times of 1870, was a man far less in harmony with the present age. He was not altogether in sympathy with the taking of Rome, and when the news of its capture was communicated to him, it is said on the authority of our then Minister to Italy, Mr. Marsh, was so enraged that he broke several pieces of furniture in his anger. He was a terror when aroused, as his looks indicate. He was opposed to making war upon a neighboring state, saying he was "born a gentleman before he was born a king."

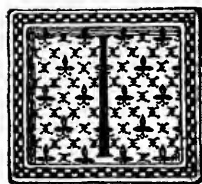
Yesterday as a sort of fitting close to our sightseeing we visited what remains of the tomb or mausoleum of Augustus Cæsar. It was built when he was Consul, and there he was buried, as well as Marcellus, Octavia, M. Agrippa, Livia, Drusus, Germanicus and his wife Agrippa, Tiberius, Caligula, Antonio, Claudius, Brit-

tanicus, and Nero. This magnificent mausoleum was devastated by Alaric in 410, afterward by Robert Guiscard in the twelfth century. Later it became a fortress occupied by the Colonna family. Finally it was captured by Frederic Barbarossa and nearly destroyed. Last of all it was used as a place for holding bull fights, and now a slouchy old woman, for the consideration of a franc, unlocks the door and conducts you through the massive corridors, showing you a model in cork of the original structure, which must have been well worthy the resting place of Kings and Emperors.





ROME, Jan. 30, 1900.



It occurs to me that possibly the fine times and gaiety you have been enjoying in Buffalo may have served to disincline your mind to a consideration of the more serious subjects with which we have recently been occupied: such for instance as the probable duration of the Apostle Peter's visit to Rome, indeed as to the absolute evidence of his having been here at all; or the very interesting testimony as to the real number of Christian martyrs that suffered death in the arena of the Colosseum, or who found a burial place in the Catacombs. All such subjects are interesting in their way, but I think I must tell you a little of our own experience in connection with our efforts to be presented to Pope Leo XIII.

Soon after our arrival in Rome I spoke with the members of our party in relation

to their wishes as to being introduced to His Holiness, while here, but the subject was set aside and I thought the suggestion quite negatived. However, to prevent any disappointment, I determined to take such measures as I knew would be requisite in case we should desire to be presented. I therefore called on our Consul General and showed him my letter from Secretary Hay. He gave me a card of introduction to Dr. O'Connell of the Collegio Americano and I called several times to present this, but the attendant always gave some plausible excuse. Either it was not the day the Doctor received calls, or he was ill, was out, had guests for dinner, or some explanation of this sort.

In the meantime the unexpired period of our visit in Rome was growing so short I regarded the subject as virtually disposed of, and gave up any further effort on the matter. Imagine my surprise, then, yesterday morning, upon arriving at the Vatican, and calling the attention of my companions to the door where guests are admitted when presented to the Pope, to have all three declare that they would not

leave Rome until they had seen Leo XIII! Imagine also my perplexity! Our plans were all made to leave Wednesday. This was Monday. I expostulated, explained how I had urged its propriety at the first, spoke of their indifference; all was of no avail. The Pope they would see, if it took all winter: everything sank into insignificance beside this now great event.

Well, there was only one thing to do and that was, yield to the majority, so I went after luncheon to make another effort to secure my long postponed interview with Dr. O'Connell. "He was out; I should call in the morning at ten." I retired early that night, was up before light, had my breakfast, and, despite a pouring rain, started to secure that all important interview, for without it nothing could be done. I arrived about twenty minutes before the appointed hour, intending there should be no chance of escape this time; I could wait, I thought, if necessary. I rang the bell; the attendant said, upon my request to see the Doctor, "Impossible! he was ill, he would receive on Wednesday;" directing my attention to the announcement to



that effect on the wall, notwithstanding I had been specially directed the night before to call at ten.

“Could I speak French?” Could I! it seemed to me I could talk in almost any language by that time, French, Dutch, Hindoo, Chinese, and I probably expressed that in my countenance. I explained to him that the emergency was great; we were about to leave Rome, it might be forever, and the Pope being advanced in years it was probably the last opportunity he would have of seeing either one of us. I finally looked him square in the eye; I took the card of our Consul General and put it with my own: I know he felt I meant business, and that I had the whole army and navy of the United States behind me. I planted those down before him and, summoning all the French I could command, I politely, and as modestly as the circumstances would permit, asked him to present to the Doctor, with my regrets to learn of his illness, and with my compliments, a request that he, the Doctor, would kindly furnish me with the necessary document for presentation to the Pope.

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After a lapse of half an hour the man returned bearing in his hand a formidable looking envelope, introducing the Illustrious Monseigneur Josiah Letchworth, etc., to the Secretary of the Pope at the Vatican. You cannot probably conceive of the proud air with which I descended those marble steps and seated myself in the one-horse carriage, with its poorly fed, raw-boned beast, that had awaited me at the door. With that envelope projecting from my overcoat pocket, I reached the hotel and threw myself into the outstretched arms of my family, who by this time were up and had breakfasted. We all proceeded to the Vatican, thinking perhaps we could make a long story short and be presented today and thus carry out our original plan of departing from the Eternal City tomorrow. We sought an interview with the Secretary. "Could I speak French?" My daughter could: I referred him to her. She rose to the occasion most beautifully and added new lustre to the family name, but alas! "Today! This week! Quite impossible!" And so now we are awaiting our guide, who believes he has "strings

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to pull," that others know not of. He is expected to arrive any moment at our hotel, and his report will be final. If he cannot secure the invitation, then the Pope himself must bear the consequences. We can do no more about it, and as to staying in Rome until next spring, simply to interview the Pope and please the hotel proprietor, I have already intimated to the other members of the party that I have objections to such a course.





FLORENCE, Feb. 3.

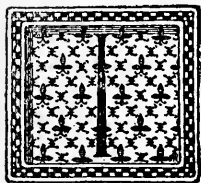


WELL, we left Rome on the 1st instant. Our guide came to the hotel to say that he had the most positive information that the cards of invitation had been made out for us by the Bishop, and that the Secretary had only to put them in the envelope and mail them; they might arrive that evening or in the morning. But alas! no such cards came to hand, and so the day following we took our departure without having seen Pope Leo XIII. No doubt he is entirely unconscious of the loss to himself. As for ourselves, an old man's blessing is always good for the soul and we should have been glad of his.

Leaving Rome we passed on to Perugia to visit the Pinacotheca, where are pictures by Perugino and Pinturicchio. (I have used up all my p's! No! here are three more so I will put them in)—We today passed through the place where Petrarch was born in 1304.



FLORENCE, Feby. 18, 1900.



I was two weeks yesterday that we arrived in Florence and met the cordial greeting of Lottie and Anna, who had arranged for our accommodation in these pleasant rooms of Madame Camerano's. This lovely city, always charming, is doubly so when enjoyed under such delightful circumstances. I recall that when here thirty-two years ago, I wrote to Brother George about a fine old house just outside the Porta Romana, at one time the home of Hawthorne, and where he wrote at least a portion of "The Marble Faun," and I suggested in my letter that he come over with his family and we would take the establishment for the season, and all live there together, the children studying Italian and French and he and I visiting the picture galleries and fine old churches.

Alas! how great the changes that the

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years have brought to pass since then. The house remains the same, with its grand open loggia on the third floor, and its picturesque old tower, with a sort of spell about it all that seems to proclaim its association with one about whose writings there ever breathes an atmosphere of mystery. The beautiful view is not the less magnificent as you stand at the entrance, but the English lady who lives there now, extended to us no cordial invitation to enter the sacred precincts of her home, and so, reluctantly, we turned away from Villa Bello Sguardo with a sigh, as we thought of loved ones gone before. Yet I could but think it strange that in the revolution of the years it should be our good sister and Anna who should be here in Florence to welcome us now.

Florence is charming even in this wet February month. Its miles of paintings and acres of statuary, its beautiful churches, and historic places, afford the tourist an inexhaustible fund of entertainment and instruction which make the days seem very short and fleeting. On our way here, as I said, we spent a day

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and two nights at Perugia, which is about half way from Rome, "a city set on a hill," with picturesque, narrow streets, and on our way from there to Florence we skirted the beautiful Lake of Trasimeno, where Hannibal defeated the Roman army, almost annihilating it in an ambush. This exploit is the more remarkable because the Carthagenian general was then only twenty-six years of age.

Florence has just met with a serious loss in the death of Dr. McDougall, who for forty years has been the pastor of the Scotch church here; a man who has done very much for the cause of evangelical religion in Italy. His daughter, Miss McDougall, was in Buffalo not many months ago and, I think, gave a musical recital at the Twentieth Century Club. Dr. McDougall came here at a time when it was a serious misdemeanor to give a Bible to a Catholic, and when Protestant meetings, if held at all, must be in an upper room, without singing. When dispersing after the gatherings it was necessary to go one by one to avoid attracting attention, for an arrest sometimes meant

imprisonment for five years before trial could be had.

It is difficult now in this more enlightened and liberal condition of affairs to comprehend how truly serious was such a state of things. We think great progress has been made in our own country during the last fifty years for the betterment of the people, but it is probable that in no other country, has greater advance been made in education, morality, enlightenment and religious liberty, than in Italy; especially has this improvement been great since its unification in 1870.

Florence enjoyed a period of great activity while it was the Italian capital, and felt a correspondingly serious period of depression when the seat of government was removed to Rome. Now, however, it has somewhat recovered from its decline, and everywhere there is an air of activity and a general appearance of happiness among the common people, which is most delightful to behold. I think, perhaps, it is this age of electricity and its introduction, that is doing more than we realize to effect these great changes. The



iron poles of the electric tram go crawling up the steep acclivities; old roadways are broadened, repaved and better graded, while light, that harbinger of life, is shed into dark and narrow passages where sunshine can never enter. Yesterday we went to Fiesole, that picturesque retreat a thousand feet above Florence, passing on our way the beautiful villa of Earl Crawford's, where Queen Victoria sometimes makes a stay when in Florence, and where Boccaccio wrote the Decameron during the plague. Even here along the rose-bowered paths where Dante mused and wrote, and which Byron so poetically described, even here the tram speeds swiftly along carrying the one-time weary climbers who were wont to travel so laboriously up the dusty roadway.

In Europe one sees shops almost everywhere, but I think in no other place do they seem to be in such numbers and arranged with such alluring, fascinating attractions, as here in Florence. They are absolutely irresistible and seem to be endowed with something of the same influence which the sirens exercised so effectually upon Ulysses. This spell in

these later days appears to hold the new woman, however, in greater thralldom than it did the hero of old.

I had not been twenty-four hours in Florence before I found my way to the Piazza della Signoria, on one side of which stands the Palazzo Vecchio, with its curious old tower, so familiar to us all, and at right angles stands the Loggia dei Lanzi. In this latter are grouped Benvenuto Cellini's beautiful bronze statue of Perseus with the head of Medusa, and other works of art by some of the best artists of Florence. It was here in this square, where the beautiful bronze fountain now stands, that Savonarola was hung and then burned at the stake.

Upon another day we climbed to the little cell, far up above "the madding crowd," where Savonarola was confined, without water or food for days before his execution. No one will ever know all the tortures he endured there but not the least was in being confined under such circumstances in a cell so narrow that my umbrella could not pass in it lengthwise, while on every side were solid stone walls seven feet in thickness. Returning, we

went through the small chapel where he made his last confession on his way to the scaffold.

At No. 14 Via della Scala we visited the Pharmacea, and made a small purchase of sachet powder, which is quite celebrated. The building two hundred years ago was the headquarters of the Inquisition. The dealer in perfumes, the pretty gardens, and the beautiful frescoed walls all looked so innocent one could hardly imagine this had once been the center of so much injustice and bigoted intolerance.

A visit to the Uffizi and Pitti picture galleries only makes one anxious to go again, and again, to gaze upon those marvelous productions of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto, Botticelli, Correggio, Claude Lorrain, Fra Angelico, Giotto, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Titian, Vandyck, Cimabue, and hundreds of others. But above them all, Raphael, it seems to me, stands unequaled. To enter the Uffizi palace and pass on through room after room along its winding galleries and stairways, every foot of the walls hung with valuable paintings, sketches, portraits, pictures, or engravings, still on

across the Arno for blocks, until we find the passageway has already brought us into the beautiful Boboli garden of the Pitti palace, the royal residence of the King and Queen when they visit Florence,—this is to realize something of what the possession of great wealth and power means, when coupled with love of art. It is also interesting to know that these two palaces, once owned by rival families, now clasp hands across the Arno and together furnish to the present generation perhaps the finest picture gallery in the world.

One afternoon we visited the Archæological Museum. Among many interesting things there is a wooden chariot with wheels about the size of our usual light phaeton wheels of the present day. With it is the wooden bow that the chieftain used—the whole looking not so unlike an affair which might have been made not very long ago. Yet it is supposed that this vehicle, which was found in an Etruscan tomb, is not less than thirty-three hundred years old! Evidently the chariot at one time was covered with leather but this has nearly disappeared.

The rooms in the palace occupied by the King and Queen are very beautiful and artistic, while the state apartments are magnificent. The dining table in the state dining-room is twelve feet wide and over seventy feet long. The display of plate and treasure, some of it very old and rich in jewels, is fine and interesting. In the building known as the Bargello—formerly a jail, now a museum—can be seen the marble *Bacchus* that Michael Angelo produced and then buried for a time, and later caused some workmen to dig and discover it. When the city flocked to see this newly discovered Greek statue, and they taunted him with the superiority of this over his own works, he quietly brought forth the hand which he had taken the precaution to break off before burying it, and it was too evidently a fit to leave any doubt as to the real artist.

One afternoon we visited the royal stables where are forty-one beautiful bay horses. There are historical chariots of the greatest magnificence one can imagine, all of carved wood and gilt, with silk upholsterings. One was used by Victor Emanuel I., another by the second of

that name, others by the King and Queen on their wedding tour. This latter especially interested me as I saw them when making their grand tour through the country upon that eventful occasion, and I well recalled the magnificent gilt and silver harness still preserved, with saddles for the mounted postilions who were dressed in white and blue silk. Besides these carriages were those used by Ferdinand II., Pius IX., Napoleon, and others, all the harnesses and trappings being equally fine.

After so much pomp and circumstance it was a sudden change as we halted at the old Protestant cemetery, where we strolled through its quiet walks, beneath the tall green trees, to stand beside the grave of Mrs. Browning, who for so long a time made Florence her home, and where she wrote "Casa Guida Windows," just over which windows we had our rooms in 1868.

There is a large circle of English and American residents here who find this lovely city an attractive point for a prolonged European stay. Florence differs from Rome in that there are not

many ruins, and the grand old palaces, about which cluster so many historical associations, are still here much as they were five hundred years or so ago. One of the most interesting, the Riccardi or Medici, one visits and recalls how the great artist, Michael Angelo, when a youth, found here a home and encouragement for his wonderful talent from his wealthy patron Lorenzo de Medici. In the chapel the walls are covered with fine frescoes of great interest painted by Benozzo Gozzoli about 1460. As there was formerly no window, the whole was painted by candle light. Later a window was inserted which now discloses their exceeding beauty. The scene is that of a pompous procession of the Magi, with knights and pages in sumptuous dresses, and gorgeous trappings on their horses, winding their way through a rich landscape country. The colors are almost as fresh as when the frescoes were painted.

But the especial interest of Florence is the Duomo, or Cathedral, with its beautiful Campanile two hundred and seventy-five feet high. Cathedral and Campanile are both completely covered

with marble, as also is the baptistry which stands just in front with its wonderful bronze doors, which Michael Angelo said were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. I was interested to note that on one, the frame of which has birds and flowers delicately intertwined, the serrated edges of the rose leaves were still clear and distinct as if new, though five hundred years of rain and storm have beaten upon them.

The dome of the Cathedral is the largest in the world, even exceeding St. Peter's. In height it measures, from the point where it rests on the walls to the inner top, one hundred and thirty-three feet. It was a great problem how the church could be covered after the walls were up, and some odd propositions to accomplish this were made. One was to fill the edifice with dirt, mixing in coins, then, with this foundation to work upon, complete the roof. This done it was proposed to allow the dirt to be taken out, the laborers getting their pay by extracting the coin. Brunelleschi, the architect to whom was finally given the task of building the tower, it is said, was so



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excited in arguing the merits of his plan, that the custodians were ordered to pick him up and carry him out from the Council. But one would need to write a book to tell of the Duomo, and my letter is already quite long enough.

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VENICE, Mar. 13, 1900.



ISHING to keep you at home informed of our wanderings, I have endeavored to give a little idea of them in consecutive order, and must therefore finish with Florence. I sent my last letter from there, though I am writing now from Venice.

It is the privilege of the tourist when in Florence to visit the home of Michael Angelo, where he lived for so many years. During his long stay in Rome he retained his house in Florence and it was his residence during the siege of that city in which he took so important a part. One sees there the canes he used, the sword he wore, a model in wax of his *David*, drawings of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and other of his works. It seems to bring the great sculptor, painter, architect, soldier very near, thus to stand in

the room where he must have dined so often, and see his portrait looking down upon you from the wall. Close by, just around the corner on another street, stands the house where another distinguished artist, Benvenuto Cellini, was born four hundred years ago; and not far away is the house where Raphael made his home during his entire stay in Florence.

To an American, perhaps there is nothing of association with these distinguished men of greater interest than the fresco discovered about a year since in the church of Ognissanti. For two or three hundred years this fresco has been covered with whitewash; that being removed, a fine painting by Ghirlandao, one of the most distinguished artists of his time, has been revealed. What is particularly interesting about it to an American is the fact, that in the group appears the youthful face and figure of the illustrious Amerigo Vespucci. It is gratifying to see that, next to Raphael, he is represented with perhaps the best face in Italy.

At the time of the Columbian Exposition,  
L. of C.

so much was said eulogizing Columbus at the expense of Vespuccius, that we have come almost to regard him as one enjoying a renown that did not belong to him. It is interesting, therefore, to know that much is coming to light which shows that the name was rightly given, to the real discoverer of the continent. I was delighted to see that this newly discovered picture represents him with a face worthy of the land his great enterprise brought to light. In this same church is his family vault, with its now well-known name engraved in marble in the floor and with it the family coat-of-arms.

All over Italy one comes across suppressed monasteries. It is most interesting to visit one occasionally, and imagine how the monks lived and died in the secluded precincts of their walled enclosures, which have more the character of fortresses than homes. One, known as the Certosa, about three miles from Florence, is much visited. Living there, are perhaps a half dozen old gray-haired monks, with long white beards, but shaven heads. They are dressed in white flannel robes, white stockings, etc., and they still

conduct visitors through their monastery. Each has a small sitting-room or library, a bed-room, a little gallery of his own, and a small garden, beside the cloisters. When these few monks who are left shall have passed away, the whole property will come under the control of the state. We were impressed with the fine appearance of these gentle old men, who stand for an age that is gone.

One of the most interesting places in Florence is San Marco, once the home of some three hundred monks, some of them illustrious. Here it was that Savonarola lived. Here his writing-desk and chair still remain and here one is shown the hair shirt which he wore. I doubt not he was a very good man, and yet I question whether we should have been altogether in love with him had we been favored with his acquaintance. However, Fra Angelico, who painted such exquisite pictures, no doubt loved him. What lovely pictures the monks of his day created on the walls of their cells and for churches elsewhere! Surely the spirit of true worship must have animated and permeated their lives and thoughts.

Beside San Marco, there is the large monastery of the Dominican monks connected with the Santa Maria Novella church ; and also that of the Franciscans at the church and monastery of Santa Croce. The former were great preachers. The latter, as Ruskin says, taught the people how they should behave ; while the Black Friars taught them how they should think.

Santa Croce is the Westminster of Florence. Here are the tombs of Michael Angelo and of Galileo ; and the floor is well paved with the marble slabs that commemorate departed worth. High up above the door on the interior, below the beautiful stained glass window, one sees the well-known monogram so familiar on our prayer-books, "I. H. S." : Jesus Hominum Salvator (Jesus, Saviour of Men). This monogram originated with St. Bernardino. He once reproved a man for printing and selling playing cards, which he claimed did injury. The man replied he must continue for the support of his family. St. Bernardino suggested to him the printing and selling of this monogram instead, which proved a great suc-

cess, and the saint himself afterward sold and distributed very many of them.

It is in this church one sees interesting frescoes by Giotto ; and Ruskin says there is not a more perfect Gothic chapel in all Italy. This is saying much, for Italy is so full of beautiful churches and such marvelous works of art. The more one sees, the more he is amazed at the prodigality of the people in this particular. No matter how small the town, it is sure to possess some worthy works that interest and attract the stranger.

In addition to the Pitti and Uffizi galleries there is the Accademia delle Belle Arti, which contains pictures of great merit, to say nothing of Michael Angelo's statue of David, which no longer stands at the entrance of the Palazzo Vecchio as it did when I was in Florence before. Here is Botticelli's allegorical representation of Spring, Tobias with the Three Archangels, Filippo Lippi's Coronation of the Virgin. Cimabue, the master of Giotto, is represented by his Madonna and Angels, Fra Angelico by his painting of The Last Judgment. There is Gentile da Fabriano's Adoration of the Kings,—

a marvelous painting,—Perugino's Agony in the Garden, pictures by Leonardo da Vinci and others, a collection of great masters, indeed.

Near where we stayed in Florence is the Medicean chapel, said to have cost five millions of dollars. Adjoining is the Sacrista Nuova, wherein are the tombs designed by Michael Angelo for the son and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent. One bears the reclining figures of Night and Morning, the other those of Twilight and Dawn, the figures so greatly celebrated as works of art.

From Florence we visited Bologna. At the hotel, upon the night of our arrival, was a party of about fifty men and women, pilgrims to Rome. As this is jubilee year it is our frequent experience to meet expeditions of this character. While we were in Rome there was a party of over a thousand visiting St. Peter's. The city of Bologna is remarkably picturesque, though the picture gallery is disappointing, despite its one famous treasure, Raphael's St. Cecilia—which, in truth, was disappointing too. But the Medical University was interesting. Here, in the clinic of this



great institution the human body was early scientifically dissected, and the walls of the loggia are covered with the crests of illustrious men who have become more or less distinguished in their profession. We hardly realize how much we are indebted to Italy for men of science and great distinction. Here Galvani, the discoverer of Galvinism lived, and in this old conservative institution women were first admitted to medical professorships.

The Carnival was observed in Bologna with quite the old-time fervor and extravagance. The street for perhaps a mile was filled with people and maskers throwing confetti, flowers, and colored papers, fairly filling the air, while in the evening a grand masked ball continued from midnight until the morning. Soon after dark the maskers began promenading the streets in great numbers and the amusement was kept up enthusiastically during the whole evening.

Before leaving Florence we attended a fine ball given just before Lent by the Men's Club, to which foreigners were bidden. The ball took place in what was known as the Borghese Palace, one which

had been given by Napoleon I. to his sister Pauline, and where she lived and died. The apartments were beautiful in their gilding and mirrors and frescoes. We were told that in the one room where the wax candles were used the cost of lighting was some twelve or thirteen hundred dollars for the one evening, or rather, night. We reached home at four A.M.

But our visit at Florence was drawing to a close, and we hastily made an excursion to the tower of Galileo, where he was visited by Milton, and climbed up to the fortifications that Michael Angelo built for the protection of the city. On Wednesday morning, the last day of February, we said farewell to sister and Anna, who had both been unremitting in their kind endeavors to make our stay enjoyable, and with many adieus to friends we had met, started on our way, thinking of the pleasant reunion we trusted the summer would bring to us on the green banks of the Owasco.





PRAGUE, BOHEMIA, AUSTRIA,

March 30, 1900.



HE close of my last journal letter told of our preparations for leaving Florence, which we did on the last day of February. The rain, that dark morning, somewhat suggestive of tears, continued to fall even after our arrival at Pisa, where we had only a couple of hours in which to see the famous Cathedral, the yet more celebrated Leaning Tower, the Baptistry with its beautiful pulpit, and the Campo Santo, where the dead sleep in soil brought from the Holy Land. Then we must needs partake of a hurried lunch before leaving for Genoa. The time was too short to thoroughly enjoy, as we would have liked, all these art treasures; but Italy is so prodigal in her wealth of sculpture, architecture, and paintings, one can well afford sometimes to take a hasty look

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and go on, for wherever one is, there is sure to be something well worthy of attention. Sight-seeing is always discouraging in a rainstorm and, beautiful as the attractions of Pisa are, I think the weather had a depressing effect upon our enthusiasm.

However, the next morning brought bright sunshine, and we lost no time in finding our way to the well-known Villa Pallavicini a few miles from Genoa. It would take pages to describe this beautiful place, and I cannot pass it by without mentioning a few of its features of interest. I think I never saw grounds in such perfect order. There did not seem to be a leaf or twig out of its place, the gravel walks were as if gone over that morning in anticipation of our coming. The thousands of camellias in bloom looked as if only waiting to be admired. The warm sunshine made the day like May, and the birds suggested midsummer. Though so early in the season, flowers appeared to be everywhere, and we walked and talked, and wound our way up the hill, lost in admiration.

Later we entered a beautiful grotto

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where, after a little, we took our seats in a boat and were rowed here and there among stalactites until we finally came out into the open, with the deep blue of the Mediterranean extending far in the distance, and the city of Genoa beside it. About us were beautiful statues, and just a line seemed to divide the little lake we were on, from the blue sea far beyond. We could only exclaim, "How beautiful! beautiful!"

The entrance to the grounds is by the residence of the Prince and this is quite royal in appearance. As you pass, the door closes behind you and, looking back after taking a few steps, behold, instead of a palace, a thatched roof cottage with little diamond panes of glass in the windows such as one sees in secluded, picturesque English hamlets. We gave ourselves up to the delight of this charming home, and wandered on without regard to time or other engagements. As we returned, we found that none too much of the day remained in which to enjoy the views of the city of Genoa. This is most interesting approached from the north, a noticeable feature being the

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very extensive fortifications, and the great harbor with a network of shipping.

We turned a little aside to view the house, No. 37 Vico dritto Ponticello, where it is said Columbus was born. The adjoining Burgo die Lanaiscola, a narrow, winding street, with immense high buildings on either side was thronged with people, so much so that there appeared barely room to get through with our carriage, while overhead, stretched from side to side, were clothes-lines that looked as if they might have hanging upon them all the clothes in Genoa. For picturesque effects in streets I doubt if Genoa has its equal in Italy. There also are many beautiful private palaces, for at one time the city enjoyed great prosperity, and her wealthy citizens took pleasure in building princely residences. Some of these the traveler of to-day is permitted to visit, and enjoy the paintings they contain, and tread the beautiful marble stairways, once more interesting than now, in this age of elevators.

We went to see what is known as the Rossi and the Bianco palaces, also the Pallavicini, which latter belongs to

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the princely Pallavicini family, and when at the Campo Santo we noticed that the most beautiful monument there—indeed the only one we much admired—was the one bearing this same familiar name, we concluded the family must be one possessing a keen appreciation of the beautiful. I believe the Papal chair was at one time occupied by a member of this illustrious family. We were pained to learn that the present Prince, and the one who originated the lovely villa referred to, has for years been blind, and as he wanders among all that loveliness, he is compelled to enjoy only the recollection of it as it was familiar to him in years gone by, before this great affliction overtook him. It would seem, however, that his influence has not been wasted, for in no city have I seen such fine effects in landscape gardening as there are in Genoa, and I cannot but believe that the place is indebted to the Pallavicini family for having developed in some degree in the people a love for the beautiful.

After our brief stay in Genoa we followed along the Mediterranean coast as far as Menton, France. When I was on

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the Riviera before, the railroad was not completed, and the trip was then made by carriage. While the railroad requires less time, the beauty of the route is almost lost to the tourist, as the tunnels are so frequent. The train plunges from the bright sunlight into the darkness, and vice versa, whereby the ride is really quite spoiled. We had a rather provoking experience passing through the Custom House and missed our train. Fortunately, we were delayed only an hour, and as we were within a few miles' ride of Menton were not seriously inconvenienced.

Arriving at the St. Maria Hotel we found rooms in readiness. Mrs. Putnam and Mary had kindly ordered fires built and had placed flowers on the table to welcome us. Sunday morning we awoke with the blue sea before our windows, and such golden sunshine as one dreams of but seldom sees at this season of the year. It was a lovely Sunday. We attended a delightful Sabbath service, stopping as we came out of the hotel door on our way to church to admire the flowers and smell the perfume of the roses and geraniums.



It was as if we had stepped into the midst of summer days.

Menton is an ideal place for a winter sojourn. We walked up in the afternoon to the Hotel d'Italia, for a cup of tea, with friends there, and found it a most enchanting spot, a little farther removed from the sea and the surging of the waves and hence more quiet.

We took train Monday morning for Nice, of which one hears so often, and where one sees much of dress and fashion. You feel at once that you are in France, "la belle France." You can but think of her as a more favored sister than Italia, wealthier, healthier, and more prosperous, but somehow your love and sympathy is for the less favored one. The very horses in the street suggest you have crossed the line into another country; they are larger, more sleek, better cared for. The soldiers somehow fill your mind with visions of the grand army under the great Napoleon. They are larger than the Italians and look "Frenchy." What is it? Can any one tell? You would know they were Frenchmen; they look so strong and self-reliant.

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As you see this sunny France so prosperous you do not wonder that she so soon paid off the enormous sum that Germany demanded of her at the close of that unfortunate war—two billions of dollars I think it was, a sum so great we cannot comprehend it, and one which even the German Emperor had not the hardihood to propose. It took the cold-hearted, iron chancellor to suggest such terrible terms.

After a little drive about Nice, a walk on the promenade, and luncheon at London House, we drove to Monte Carlo. A more beautiful place one can hardly imagine, and such a variety of life! Such pretty women, and such homely ones; faces strange, anxious, odd, interesting! Some of the women were smoking. We returned to Menton for the night and went back to Monte Carlo in the morning to visit the gambling rooms; Mrs. Putnam and Mary and Miss Lewis accompanied us, so there were seven in our party. We drove to the Prince's palace, which is located at Monaco, a little beyond Monte Carlo from Menton. The palace, which is fine, is situated on a high bluff. The whole place

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is like a park and the income from the gambling bank is so great that in consequence there are no taxes for residents to pay.

We obtained permission to enter the gambling rooms, and it was a strange sight to see the rapidity with which the money changed hands. The lowest sum one can venture is five francs, and the highest about four thousand dollars at a time. The money is laid down on the table and in less time than I can write of it 'tis either lost or won, or rather, both lost and won. I saw one elderly gentleman with gray hair lay down five hundred dollars, and in almost an instant he lost the whole. He left the table immediately. I myself felt no inclination to play, feeling that should I lose I should not feel pleased, and if I won I should be more unhappy still, with a sense of having in my possession a thing I had no business with. Indeed after a little while I was glad to get away. One feels one's self in an atmosphere that is most uncongenial. The beautiful rows of delicate primroses that border the walk to the door appear so incongruous that you imagine their innocence reproaches you for

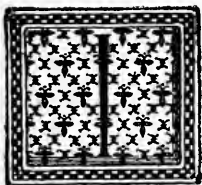
not interceding to rescue them from such a place.

In contrast with Monte Carlo, the next day a party of ten of us made an excursion up into the mountains back of Menton. A glorious trip! We had an ample number of donkeys and carriages to convey us, and with sunshine and bracing mountain air in abundance, there was no lack of appetite for our luncheon in the little chalet at the top of the pass. The next day we bade adieu to the Riviera and returning to Genoa, reached Milan before bedtime. So we were once more back in Italy where we have found so much to enjoy.





PRAGUE, BOHEMIA, AUSTRIA,  
March 31, 1900.



HAVE just finished a journal letter which brings us to the time of our arrival at Milan, and will now continue my story by telling of our brief stay there. It was a pleasant morning when we went for the first time to see the beautiful Gothic Cathedral. It is of white marble, though a good deal blackened by age, and as we stood and gazed at the marvelous exterior it seemed as if the whole structure were of lace suspended in air, so delicate and intricate is every foot of the vast surface, including the sides and roof.

The interior too was marvelously beautiful. The general effect is in keeping with the exterior: delicate, impressive, grand. The sunlight illumined the stained glass windows and shed a softened light upon the immense throng that half filled

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the nave as they stood and listened to the earnest preaching from the pulpit. We found our way to the tower stair and climbed to the roof, where we walked the length of the nave, passing under the flying buttresses. Mabel wished much to climb to the top of the spire but was finally persuaded to leave that for her next visit. It is said one can view from there on a clear day the Alps to the north and the Adriatic on the east, but that morning the air was not clear enough for such distant sight-seeing.

After our visit to the Cathedral we went to see the justly celebrated fresco of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci, originally one of the finest paintings in the world. Unfortunately it is on the walls of a refectory where Napoleon quartered some of his soldiers when in possession of Milan, and evidently these men entertained themselves by pricking the painted walls with the points of their bayonets. The beauty of this marvelous work of art is sadly impaired, but enough is left to impress the beholder with the feeling of its great superiority, and one is pained to think that such a treasure from

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the hand of this great artist, of whose work so little remains to us, could not have been preserved. Are we to conclude that Napoleon, great as he was, was not great enough to appreciate this work of art, or was it simply one of the inevitable incidents of war? Fortunately, the face of the Christ, which is here much damaged, is preserved to us elsewhere. There is another portrait by the same artist which somewhat resembles that in the Last Supper; and this is the most satisfactory painting of our Saviour that I have ever seen, the only one that ever appeared to me to approach what might be a correct conception of those divine features.

We left Milan the next morning for Lake Como, that most beautiful of Italian lakes. At Como, before we boarded a little steamer, we visited the Cathedral. There we were interested in seeing, on each side the entrance door, the marble statues of the Plinys, the elder and the younger. It appears that Como was their birthplace; and if these carvings are correct, one is led to the conclusion that both were unusually intellectual looking men.

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The ride by steamer to Bellagio, half way up the lake, was beautiful beyond description, and our stay at this almost heavenly spot seemed then, as now, more like a dream than a reality. We arrived there Saturday noon. Sunday was a glorious day and the blue sky reflected in the still bluer waters of the lake was softened by the circle of snow-capped mountains that surrounded us. The Sabbath stillness, the beautiful grounds of the hotel, of no inconsiderable extent, the many flowers—primroses blooming everywhere—a feeling of summer time that prevailed, all combined to foster a feeling of peacefulness and joy.

There was no English preaching, it being too early in the season, so I attended a brief Catholic service. It was enough to feel it was Christian and that they worshipped the same loving Creator. The church was quite full, and the priest, an earnest one, seemed to have the respectful attention of his hearers. There were many children present: some seated on little stools at the feet of their parents and holding in their hands prayer-books which they fondly handled. Quite a



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number occupied the steps at the foot of the pulpit leading up to the altar, the boys on one side, and girls on the other, leaving room for an aisle between them. The service seemed in keeping with the beautiful surroundings, and I sat with them for a time, then quietly withdrew, feeling I had been benefited by the little "meeting together" in that "unknown tongue." I doubt if there was one who could have conversed with me in English.

From Milan, to which place we returned, we went on Monday to the far-famed city of Venice. It was dark as we approached and crossed the long causeway that extends for a mile and a half from the mainland into the Adriatic, where the "Bride of the Sea" awaits the crowd of tourists that visit her and throng her palace doors. We found a busy swarm of gondolas awaiting our arrival and, securing one, were soon wending our way along the Grand Canal, and narrower ones as well, on the way to our hotel.

We were a week in Venice, and how can I describe the charm and novelty of this mysterious place, where never a horse or carriage is seen upon the streets, where

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the silent gondolas glide about, the stillness only broken by the warning shout of the gondolier as he nears a turn; where the salt sea waves, rising and falling with the tide, wash the marble steps of hundreds of palaces, sometimes far up within the portico and again bathing the lowest step, where the green seaweed floats upon the surface in long pendants as if at home upon the blue-green waters. How can I tell of those moonlight evenings where music from the occupants of many a gondola lent its charm to the wonderful spell which Venice always casts over her worshippers. No! One can not tell all this. It can only, when seen, be understood and appreciated.

St. Mark's, more beautiful than ever, impressed me as more essentially a Christian home, a place of prayer, a house of God, than any other church edifice I have ever seen. And when on Sunday morning I learned from Dr. Robertson, the Presbyterian minister at Venice, that St. Mark's was more truly a Protestant structure, in a way, I was the more interested in it. He said it was a peculiarity of St. Mark's that Christ and not the Virgin Mary was

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the distinguishing feature, and that the Virgin Mary was everywhere represented as worshipping the Saviour. Until within a comparatively brief period the Pope has had no authority over St. Mark's, and the mosaics are everywhere such as would be appropriate for a Protestant edifice.

We all enjoyed our walks in the Piazza and Piazzette, under the shadow of the Lion of St. Mark, watching the flock of pigeons that flutter about and admiring the windows of the little shops that nowhere else seem more fascinating. On the occasion of the King's birthday a grand review of the military took place there, which we were fortunate enough to witness from some windows on the second floor that were kindly assigned to us for our occupancy.

Venice is the place of all others in which to see the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Bellini. In the Doge's palace one sees Tintoretto at his best. We crossed the Bridge of Sighs and visited the prison cells; saw near the ceiling in the great council rooms the long row of portraits of illustrious Doges. There is

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one blank spot where the face of one magistrate has been blotted out because of the crimes he was known to have committed. Alas, the faces of these old Doges do not appeal to me. They appear hard, cruel, cunning. I did not see one with whom I felt I should have cared to come into very close relation.

One day we were privileged to visit the palace of Robert Browning. His son was away, but it was interesting to see this home of the illustrious poet and to be brought into such close association with his one-time surroundings.

I will not attempt to tell you of all our visiting of churches, picture galleries, lace factories, etc., as I fear you would find it tedious to follow us longer. It would take a volume to do Venice justice. It must be seen to be appreciated it is so unlike anything else. Its marvelous history will never cease to interest and entrance its visitors, and it has a fascination all its own from which one turns reluctantly away, even as our beloved and honored American, Phillips Brooks, has written, when about to leave Venice, December 1, 1882:

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As one who parts from Life's familiar shore,  
Looks his last look in long beloved eyes,  
And sees in their dear depths new meanings rise  
And strange light shine he never knew before ;  
As then he fain would snatch from Death his hand  
And linger still if haply he may see  
A little move of this soul's mystery  
Which year by year he seemed to understand ;  
So, Venice, when thy wondrous beauty grew  
Dim in the clouds which clothed the wintry sea,  
I saw thou wert more beauteous than I knew,  
And longed to turn and be again with thee,  
But what I could not then, I trust to see  
In that next life which we call memory.





BERLIN, April 13, 1900.



Y last letter brought our wanderings to the close of our stay at Venice. On March 20th, bidding adieu to our pleasant quarters at the Grand Britania hotel, we entered our gondola in the Grand Canal and at a little after two in the afternoon were fast speeding from Venice toward Trieste. A little before dark we approached a small stream which we knew to be the dividing line between Italy and Austria, and it was not without a pang that we thought how soon our fair dream of Italy would be ended and the three beautiful months of our sojourn there a thing of the past.

Italy's world of beauty, its history, its art, its golden sunshine, the kind hearts of the people we had found, seemed to rise before us and made us feel we were shutting out a wealth of treasure which henceforth would be to us only a memory

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of a lovely past. In our thoughts we experienced something of the same feelings so beautifully expressed in those exquisite verses by Christina Rossetti when leaving the Italy so dearly beloved by her :

Farewell, land of love, Italy,  
Sister-land of Paradise—  
With my own feet I have trodden thee,  
Have seen with my own eyes—  
I remember, thou forgettest me,  
I remember thee.

Blessed be the land that warms my heart,  
And the kindly clime that cheers,  
And the cordial faces clear from art,  
And the tongue sweet in mine ears—  
Take my heart, its truest tenderest part,  
Dear land, take my tears.

We were already across the line and the change in architecture, the white residences, a new language, a different people, announced to us that we were in the sombre skies and cooler atmosphere of a more northern clime.

It was long after dark when we entered Trieste and found rooms at the solemn, stately, chilling hotel Delorme. It had

poor attendance and high prices, a less palatable cuisine than we had been enjoying in Italy. While at supper my railroad tickets, which I had purchased to Vienna, were brought to me, as the railroad official had found he had no business to have taken them. I had endeavored to convince him of this at the station but without success. So, recalling the well-known saying, "the stupid Austrians," I had yielded to his demand, knowing it would all come out right in the end, for these men are honest—if anything—and are held to strict account. They are not anxious about a change in administration, for so long as they do their duty they hold their places, and if a mistake is made no time is lost in correcting it. Our trunks passed the Customs without much examination and with little trouble to us.

The next morning I awoke with a sort of presentiment that the object of our visit to Trieste was not to be attained; though I had made inquiry in Venice and was assured there was no trouble in gaining admission to the palace of Miramar, once the home of Maximilian. Upon making further inquiry I was told, with an



exclamation, of the utter uselessness of trying. "Impossible! no one could enter the palace either that day or the next." It was occupied by the Archduchess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Rudolph, whose tragic death so shocked the world. Her marriage with a German Prince, not of royal blood, though a member of Parliament, was about to take place, and she was then to relinquish her royal honors. Until the wedding was solemnized and the bride and groom had departed, it was doubtful if the President of the United States himself could gain admission.

These and other facts I learned during an interview held with our Consul, Mr. Hossfield, to whom I at once applied in the vain hope that there might be a possibility of seeing at least a portion of Miramar. While this is one of the most beautiful of homes, it is intimately associated with several of the most unhappy and illustrious personages of the present century: Maximilian, the hero of Mexico during our Civil War; Carlotta his wife, who for over thirty years has been insane; the Crown Prince Rudolph and his wife;

the murdered Empress Elizabeth, whose home it was and Napoleon Third and his unhappy Queen Eugénie. Mr. Hossfield was most kind, and interested himself in our behalf as though he alone was the one interested, but he said even the commandant of Trieste would not dare ask for permission to enter Miramar until the afternoon of the day following the wedding. He suggested, however, that we take a row-boat, the day being calm, row along the shore of the Adriatic, and get a view of Miramar from the water. The view from the land, should we drive there, would be altogether unsatisfactory; we would really see nothing. He said there were many newspaper reporters in Trieste who would give a great deal to obtain entrance, but Stephania had granted only one interview and that to a lady connected with some paper; even the exact time of the wedding was unknown, the day uncertain.

Mr. Hossfield, by the way, was the first American to take Admiral Dewey by the hand upon his return from Manila. He gave us a very interesting account of this meeting, that evening, he having accepted

our invitation to dine with us at the hotel. He was so enthusiastic about a trip he had taken along the east shore of the Adriatic as far as Montenegro, that we should have been tempted to take the trip ourselves had not our limited time forbidden the expedition. One would require about ten days, but he assured us he would rather see this bit of country, outside the more general route of travelers, than all Germany combined.

The boat-ride was a most happy suggestion and we greatly enjoyed it. We had two oarsmen and a sail (which latter was useless both going and coming). The time spent each way was about an hour and a half in duration, with Miramar and its wooded mountain or hillside continuously in view. It is perhaps the most beautiful residence we have ever seen. It stands on a rocky promontory, on each side of which is a little bay, the waters clear as crystal and of most exquisite hues, varying from deep blue to emerald green, and so pellucid that it is said one can see sixty feet into its depths. The clear-cut outlines of the white stone palace rise majestically above the dark brown rocks.

Beyond are the gardens, than which, perhaps, none more beautiful, of the same extent, are to be found in Europe. Maximilian lived here for two years in a small house, still standing. From this he superintended the building of this delightful residence where he might have lived a life of almost unalloyed happiness with his devoted wife. But temptation came to him in the form of ambition. He was a descendant of a long line of illustrious kings and rulers. His brother was an Emperor, his wife fitted to hold royal sway. How great to be master of a kingdom, one of the oldest in history on the continent of America! What possibilities it opened up, backed, as he was, by one of the most powerful of European Emperors, Napoleon Third. The very name was an inspiration. He might yet hold in his hand the destiny of the western continent, for our Civil War was at its height. What attractions of home could outweigh honors such as these? He yielded, alas, and his untimely death by execution is one of the saddest events in modern history. Its sequence is the ruined life of his wife, who it is said still

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awaits his coming, unwilling to believe him dead.

It has been intimated that Maximilian's brother, the Emperor Francis Joseph, was jealous of Maximilian's superior qualities, and favored his going to Mexico. It is even said that he is now in a measure responsible for the restrictions imposed upon Carlotta, who may be less deranged than is claimed. This because there are such large money considerations involved. Next to the Czar of Russia, Francis Joseph is said to be the wealthiest man in the world today. But all these things are mere rumors and the truth would be hard to obtain. "People will talk" but here they must do it under their breath. If overheard they are likely to be arrested and called to account. Neither the Emperor of Austria nor of Germany is to be trifled with, no matter what one's rank.

I must not forget to say that as we approached Miramar a boat came out with two guards and bade us not come too near. However, after they left us we went as near as was necessary to get a good view of the exterior. With my glass we could actually see into the open

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window of one of the upper rooms, where were two persons, ladies evidently, taking a good look at us through their own opera glass. We only wished we might think one of them to be the Archduchess, the other her daughter Elizabeth ; but of this we had no evidence and much to the contrary.

In a little cove beyond we landed and learned from the proprietor of an inn there that his business had suffered sadly for three weeks past, during which the occupancy of Miramar had diverted travelers from visiting his house. We saw several carriages approach the entrance along the road from Trieste but they were turned about by the sentinel at the entrance gate. A company of Swiss guards was in attendance at the palace.

So much for our visit to Miramar, a spot in which I have long felt much interest since seeing a photograph of it in Mr. Alward's room. I think one of his Austrian friends who knew Maximilian well and spent more or less time there gave it to him. Then the reading of *The Martyrdom of an Empress* added to the interest I felt, and last summer Byron kindly gave me a

picture of the place in the *Life of Maximilian*.

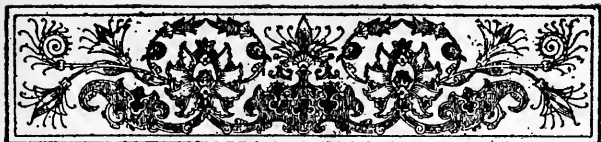
The next morning we left Trieste at an early hour, being called at six. Mr. Hossfield kindly came to the station to see us off and presented the ladies with violets. His kindness was all we could ask and far more than we expected. Our route was by rail over the Semmering, one of the most beautiful mountain passes in Europe. I had long been desirous of making the journey and anticipated the trip with great pleasure. We arranged to stop near the top overnight. We arrived at Semmering soon after dark and in a carriage drove to the hotel, with snow banks three or four feet in depth on either side. The hotel was a delightful one, the rooms warmed by steam, with heavy, comfortable looking red hangings in front of the lower half of the windows. The house was brightly lighted by electricity, which made it look most inviting, far up in that mountain air. We watched for the morning in expectation of a view of grand mountain scenery, but alas! upon looking out of our window a thick falling snow shut off every pleasing distant prospect.

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Though later in the morning the sun nearly made its way through the misty air and enlivened the scene for a little while, it soon vanished, and the storm closed in again. As we descended through the wonderful galleries that were at the time of their construction, some fifty years since, considered a marvellous bit of engineering, the snow changed to mist and cloud, which made our entry into Vienna in a lightly falling rain anything but cheerful, to say nothing of our disappointment in not having had a better view of the Semmering. Bright, beautiful Vienna, of which we had heard so much, was far from pleasing in a storm of sleet mixed with snow. The streets were uninviting to look at and uncomfortable to travel in. Our beautiful Italy was sadly missed! We were in a land of snow and cold, and "the winter of our discontent" was at hand. But Vienna must wait for another letter.







PARIS, May 7, 1900.



OUR arrival at Vienna was, as I have told you, in a snow-storm mingled with rain, which, with dark, lowering clouds, continued more or less during the whole of our visit. It was not calculated to make our impression one compatible with the brilliancy which is usually associate with the metropolis of Austria. Nevertheless the grand buildings, the broad streets, the throngs of well dressed people, the beautiful shop windows, all combined, despite the weather, to make a most favorable impression.

Vienna is a city of magnificent distances, and a drive in the Prado and a view of the broad Danube, sweeping with its resistless tide onward toward Constantinople, but served to deepen the impression. One can but feel attached to the Austrians upon short acquaintance. They somehow appeal to your sympathy while you are

perhaps annoyed at their simplicity. The term "stupid Austrians" does not seem altogether a misnomer. They are so polite it becomes oppressive, and yet they expect a remuneration for everything, no matter how trifling the favor.

The beautiful picture-gallery of Vienna is one of the city's chief attractions to strangers, and the building itself is gorgeous, with its marble walls and columns which are enriched with much gilding. The whole museum is of great extent. In contrast with Italian galleries, they have very elaborate provision for warming these buildings, which we were prepared to appreciate after the many days spent wandering with half frozen feet, admiring the paintings in cold churches and public halls of Italy.

Among the great mass of works by illustrious artists we were much interested in some half dozen portraits of the celebrated Marie Theresa, by Velasquez. These picture her as a child, at different ages, and one could but love the little girl as one admires the heroic woman in her later long and eventful life. One is glad to know that she had reached its

close before the terrible experiences of the French Revolution overtook her beautiful daughter, Marie Antoinette, else how great would have been her suffering.

As we drove by the old palace and through one of its immense courts, our attention was directed to the apartments she occupied, and later, when we visited the Capuchin Vault (the burial receptacle of the Hapsburgs for generations), the huge sarcophagus which contains the remains of herself and husband is the first that attracts attention upon descending the stairs. Near by one sees the sarcophagus containing the body of Maximilian. Admiral Tegethoff went to Mexico at the Emperor's request and brought the remains to Vienna after Maximilian's untimely execution.\* Farther on, is the sarcophagus of the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon I.; that of Joseph II.; and one of the late Empress Elizabeth, assassinated at Geneva two years or

\* By invitation of my friend Dennis R. Alward I spent an evening, when in Vienna in 1868, with him and the great Austrian Admiral who was a warm personal friend of Mr. Alward's. His account of adventures connected with the recovery of the body of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian was most thrilling. I recall his remarking that he had ample time to reflect upon the mutability of human affairs while traveling the rugged mountain trails in

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so ago. Another one contains the remains of the Crown Prince Rudolph. All these, and many others, stand side by side, row after row, and a volume could be written of each.

In one of the public squares near the Prado is a magnificent monument erected in honor of Admiral Tegethoff, a man whose single word had caused the sinking of one of Italy's finest warships and two thousand of her seamen found a watery grave.

The opera at Vienna is fine. One of Wagner's best productions was to be seen soon after our arrival and we desired much to attend, but not a seat could be had at any price. We were told that sometimes every desirable place is taken by regular subscribers before the ticket office is open to the public. The entertainments commence at seven, doors open at six-thirty, and the opera over before ten o'clock.

Mexico, where it was often too dangerous to ride his mule, following the casket containing the remains of Maximilian which he had rescued from a tour for purposes of public exhibition. The glass over the face was broken and he himself entertained grave doubts of ever reaching the coast. Later followed an account of his final arrival in Vienna, and the visit of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Capuchin Vault, the Admiral being his only attendant companion.

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If one is not in his place when the music commences it is not possible to enter until the close of the first act. When the conductor of the orchestra taps with his baton, instantly there is perfect silence. One could almost hear a pin drop. There are no responses to encores ; this is so that there may be no favoritism shown. The players are on the best of terms with each other and often the best singers take quite inferior parts, sometimes half a dozen famous ones being on the stage at one time.

I called upon Dr. Robert Willson, son of Judge Willson of Philadelphia, a very promising young physician who is spending several months in Vienna studying, and we all much enjoyed meeting him. We learned from him something about the large hospitals which abound here. There seems to be more sickness in this city than elsewhere and facilities quite beyond those extended to strangers in other European cities are here offered for witnessing the treatment of all kinds of diseases. Dr. Willson informed us that so much sickness was probably owing in large part to the crowding of the poor

people into confined quarters; too many live in a single room and without proper sanitary provisions. All deaths in hospitals are followed by an autopsy. To this rule there are no exceptions.

I was much disappointed in failing to catch a glimpse of the Emperor, Francis Joseph. Katharine and I were walking along the street one day when her quick eye recognized the Emperor through the window of the coupé in which he was driving, but before she could communicate the fact to me, the rapidly moving carriage had whirled him by and I could only see the vehicle with the white-plumed soldier beside the coachman on the box. So now when I mention the fact that *we* saw the Emperor, you will understand how it was. His grey hair tells the story of advancing years and when he passes away many predict a revolution in Austria. The Bohemians, Hungarians and others all wish to have their own governments.

We paid a visit to the Royal stables, which are magnificent ones. Three hundred horses—and such beautiful creatures—were groomed so that their necks and sides fairly shone. Each stall was about

nine feet wide, every animal was as comfortable as good care, warm stables and blankets, with plenty to eat, could make him. But when one sees the trappings, the harnesses, etc., it quite takes the breath away! We were shown a large saddle-cloth of the most exquisite heavy gold embroidery, made by Marie Theresa herself, and the harnesses are beyond description in their gorgeousness.

There are chariots for state occasions, some of them of historical interest. One was used by Napoleon when in Vienna. There are huge black affairs for funeral events, with black harnesses to match; and then immense numbers of beautiful modern vehicles for every-day use. We were allowed to go into the large riding-room where eight or ten youths of titled families were taking their afternoon lesson in horsemanship. In the museum we saw a wonderful collection of old armor, with spears such as were used in tournaments, and many weapons with histories. There were sabres that looked as if it would require two men to handle them; guns now obsolete, with flint-locks and other equipments.

One of the pleasant attractions of Vienna is a visit to Schönbrunn, the suburban palace of the royal family, with its extensive park and gardens. We were privileged to go through the palace, which was associated in my mind with much I had read of the present Emperor and the late Empress, the Crown Prince and others. This was a favorite home of Marie Theresa. In one little room are framed pictures done by her children when young and doing them much credit. We were interested in the room occupied by Napoleon, the same in which his son the Duke of Reichstadt died. The day before, the Emperor had been there and we concluded he was on his way when *we* saw him. Unfortunately, the rain prevented our walking or driving in the grounds, which, as we could see from the windows, were beautiful.

One peculiarity of Vienna, quite in contrast with most other cities, is that soon after twelve or one o'clock at night the lights in the streets are extinguished and every one is supposed to be at home.

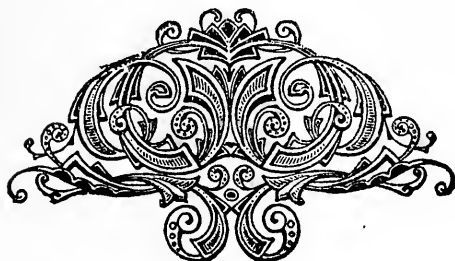
We had anticipated when there, taking a steamer down the Danube as far as



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Budapest, but found that our limited time would not admit of this. So reluctantly we pushed on to Prague despite a severe snowstorm that prevailed. All the accounts we had of Budapest served to increase our desire to see it; some assured us it exceeded the splendor even of Vienna, in the grandeur of its buildings and streets.

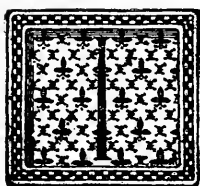
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OUCHÉY, LAKE GENEVA,  
Hôtel du Château

May 24, 1900.



FIND myself so far in arrears with my journal that unless I set about improving all the rainy days by writing I fear the task of catching up will soon become hopeless. I wrote last of our leaving Vienna in a snowstorm, which continued all the way to Prague in Bohemia, where the storm increased rather than abated.

The morning after our arrival the hotel porter was sure it would be impossible to get about the city with a carriage on account of the snow. "It would be quite useless to make the attempt." But he little understood the energetic character of the party with which he had to deal — that is the feminine portion of it.

Without discussing the matter with him we quietly obtained the services of an

efficient commissionaire, directed him to engage a carriage and, as I had on a former visit familiarized myself with the interesting features of the quaint old city, I put the rest of the party under the care of the guide, requesting him to occupy the seat inside that otherwise would have been mine. Thus equipped the ladies started out to combat the storm which seemed still to increase in severity, while I was glad to seek shelter within doors and write home of our doings. Soon after noon the four returned, full of enthusiasm at having successfully "done" the place, and that in spite of the storm and the hotel porter.

Soon after luncheon we were again on the train and speeding toward Dresden, where we arrived before dark, having out-riden the snowstorm, of which we have seen nothing since. At Dresden we went at once to our old quarters at the Hôtel du Nord, but here, as elsewhere, the years have brought changes and the kindly face of Herr Nahke, who was wont to greet us at the door, no longer appeared, he having years ago passed away. In his place stood his two stalwart sons, who were boys when we were here before. The hotel, then

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new, has lost its first look of freshness, and has taken on the dusky shade of age and wear, rendering it less attractive.

Dresden, too, we found much changed. An elegant depot and an elevated track has replaced the simple arrangements which we recall, when upon that depressing April morning fourteen years ago I bade adieu to the dear forms and faces I loved so much and started on my long journey home across the sea, having a few hours before received the unwelcome and melancholy telegram announcing the serious illness of my dear brother.

On Sunday we attended service at the little church where we were wont to go, but were saddened indeed to see the kind-hearted minister, Mr. Bowden, who once appeared the embodiment of manly vigor and whose visit we had so much enjoyed in America in the summer of 1886, now so feeble. It was with no little difficulty that he ascended the pulpit steps, and his trembling voice gave additional evidence of advancing years and ill health.

During the few days of our stay in Dresden we were again impressed with the attractions the city offers for a pro-

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longed stay when one is seeking a quiet life with intelligent occupation. The wonderful picture gallery seemed more beautiful than ever, and its great central prize, the Madonna de San Sisto, grows even more divine in its artistic revelations. The opera still offers its attractions to lovers of music. The fine opera house, its early hours, its always appreciative audience, combine to make the entertainment most enjoyable and instructive.

Dresden, like all German cities, is growing rapidly, and fast becoming a great manufacturing town. I was somewhat unprepared for the rather bitter feeling one finds existing against the English. When one says English, rather out of courtesy than otherwise, it is in distinction from American. But in truth I think that at heart there is really little difference and the feeling is much the same toward both nationalities. The Germans as a nation are, I fear, a little inclined to jealousy, and they no doubt look with no small degree of envy upon other countries that are more than keeping pace with them. I had an interesting conversation with our representative, Mr.

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Cole, on this subject, and I thought his ideas wise and sensible. He deprecated any action on our part as a nation or as individuals to arouse a spirit of animosity, on the contrary, he would have everything done to conciliate. The encouragement of a feeling of kindness and friendliness might lead to much good, whereas a spirit of boasting and discourtesy serves but to create discord and unhappy results. Of one thing we may be assured, whoever thinks Germany a small factor in the coming history of the world greatly underestimates the nation's importance. This fact is the more emphasized upon one's arrival in the great city of Berlin.

My old Murray's Guide Book, published in 1860, gives the population of Berlin about 450,000. Now it is little less than two millions and growing rapidly, destined to be a city of immense population. It seems to me the general condition of the Empire promises more for future stability than almost any European country. The royal family holds a relation to the people that is quite unique. It is buttressed with an ancestry remarkable for personal worth, while the present Emperor commands a

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position altogether invincible in the hearts of his people. He is both honored and respected, while the Crown Prince promises all that his followers could hope for. Berlin as a city is beautiful to behold. Its streets are clean, the people well dressed and a general appearance of prosperity prevails everywhere. The military feature which used to seem a little oppressive, is now less conspicuous, while the presence of the Court gives a degree of life and animation to the city which is fascinating.

Like all travelers we were curious to see the Emperor, William II., of whom we hear so much, and soon after our arrival we started out for a walk along "Unter den Linden." Soon Katharine thought she saw indications of unusual activity toward the Brandenburg gate and just as we reached there, there was a sudden appearance of excitement among the guard. Almost before we could get ourselves in position for observation there came rapidly toward the gate a beautiful carriage that passed within six feet of us, in which sat the Emperor in military dress, and in less time than I am writing it he was far down

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the street receiving the salutations of the immense crowd that thronged the city's principal avenue.

A day or two later we were in the Thier Garten when we had a second look at the Kaiser, his son the Crown Prince, and two of the younger brothers as they, with their suite, passed us on horseback.

On Good Friday, we judged from the crowd gathering in the street that something unusual was to be expected, and after a little waiting came the Princess Victoria Louise, only daughter of the present Emperor, a sweet little girl about seven years old. She was accompanied evidently by her governess and as the carriage passed we had a good opportunity of seeing her as she gracefully bowed, saluting from time to time the crowd upon either side.

After an interval of some ten or fifteen minutes came another carriage, through the window of which we caught sight of the three younger sons of the Emperor, Augustus William, Oscar and Joachim. With them were two attendants, probably their tutors. After another interval came a third carriage, in which sat the Crown



Prince, who bears the name of Frederic William and with him were his two next younger brothers, William Eitle and Adalbert. The Crown Prince occupied the back seat and was accompanied by an officer in uniform who sat beside him; his brothers were on the front seat facing them. Again after an interval came a fourth royal carriage and in it was seated on the right-hand side the Empress dressed in black, her mother having died some two months before. Beside her was the Emperor in citizen's dress.

Thus it has been my privilege to see four generations of this illustrious family: the old Kaiser, afterward Emperor William; his son the Crown Prince Frederic, ("Unser Fritz" as his father called him); his son the present Emperor William, and the present Crown Prince. This Prince has just celebrated his majority (being 18 sixteen years of age) and is now to set up an establishment of his own. It was in honor of this event that Emperor Francis Joseph visited Berlin the early part of the month, at which time he conferred upon the Prince a title or position in the Austrian army even more exalted than that

already occupied by the Prince's father in the Austrian army.

We were awakened one or two mornings by a company of soldiers with their band passing along the street. Such precision of marching and drill as one sees in the German army is simply marvellous. A whole regiment steps as one man and wherever we have seen them they appear made of stalwart and sturdy material.

We were allowed to visit certain portions of the old palace which is occupied by the Emperor. It is of great extent. Some of the rooms (there are in all seven hundred) are of great magnificence and splendor. A regiment of soldiers is always in possession of the palace and is changed every day as well as its band.

We were also allowed to visit the palace formerly occupied by the elder Emperor William. When we were last in Berlin it was his custom at a certain hour of each day to look out of one of the palace windows and hence there gathered in the street daily a great crowd of people to see him. Since his death the curtain has been drawn and it is said no one has looked out of the window since. All his

rooms and those of his wife, the Empress Augusta, who died in 1890, two years after her husband, remain as they left them. The apartments are literally filled with gifts of every description made to the former Emperor and Empress, of which they appear to have been very appreciative. The elder Emperor's working-room, the adjoining ante-room where callers sat when waiting presentation, his desk, prints, pictures of the family, a thousand and one things, all are as he left them, a monument of the past.

We took a drive in the Thier Garten, which comprises six hundred acres of woods quite within the city. We visited the tombs of Louise of Prussia, and Frederic William III.; saw the interesting sculptures in commemoration of German History which are being erected by the present Emperor, the great monument to Liberty in memory of the last war with France, and the new houses of Parliament, in the rear of which is to be a fine memorial of Bismarck. The zoölogical gardens are the finest in the world—so clean, so orderly, and all the animals looked so comfortable and well fed it was a pleasure to

see them. The hippopotamus being provided with a steaming warm bath, evidently did not seriously miss his native Nile; and the lions and tigers were the finest specimens I had ever seen. The buildings, spacious and of great variety, are well adapted for these various inmates and the grounds are extensive.

I think it a characteristic of the Germans that whatever they do, they do well. They seem to rise to every occasion and meet the necessities of the case. I have never seen elsewhere such clean, comfortable street cars as those of Berlin and the attention to the comfort of passengers is worthy of imitation.

At Charlottenburg we visited the palace but were disappointed in that the rooms once occupied by the Queen, Louise, are not now shown to strangers. At the mausoleum are now the additional monuments of the old Emperor and the Empress Augusta but they are not as beautiful or interesting as the older ones of Louise and Frederic William III. That of Louise is most beautiful in its artistic simplicity.

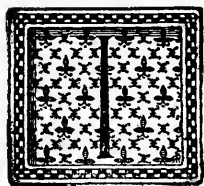
The impression made upon my mind at

seeing the German Emperor was, on the whole, very favorable. I am inclined to think he is thoroughly in earnest, honest in his convictions, and believes he is in a way personally responsible as king over his people. Indeed I think there is a certain degree of feeling akin to fathership entertained by both Emperor and people in a country like Germany or Russia, which it is quite impossible for Americans to enter into or comprehend. The people regard the Emperor as standing in the relation of a father to them, and the Emperor really reciprocates the sentiment. He is a wide-awake, hard-working man, who keeps himself under pretty strict discipline. The other day when news came of the attempted assassination of the Prince of Wales, the Emperor was at the telegraph station the next morning before seven o'clock, attending personally to the sending of his messages of congratulation and sympathy.





CHAMONIX, June 7, 1900.



IN my last letter I did not tell you all I wished of our stay at Berlin. I think I stated that our hotel, the Royal, was interesting because frequented by members of the Reichstag. It is located at the corner of Unter den Linden and Wilhelm Strasse. The latter is literally a street of palaces. Bismarck's city residence is located on it, and he sometimes occupied a suite of rooms at this hotel. Opposite the hotel is the fine residence of the British Minister.

The Emperor sometimes dines at the Royal. The proprietor has a fine cut-glass goblet which he values because used by the Emperor upon the occasion of his last visit. At such times he is attended by several officers who are constantly near him, some at the entrance of the hotel, some at the door of his room. His own cook comes to prepare his dinner. While

he has the same menu as that provided for other guests, the food is prepared separately by his own servant. His own table appointments are also brought for his use. He eats alone, that is, at a separate table. As one forearm is shorter than the other, and so disables him, he has a knife and fork combined, whereby he serves himself with one hand.

It was at this hotel that the French Ambassador was staying when the sudden declaration of war on the part of France in 1870 made his precipitate departure necessary. He left everything in the way of furniture, which still remains in the same apartments. Some of it is very elegant: I noticed particularly two gilded, or rather, gilt bronze candelabra of the finest workmanship which stood on the sideboard. I was requested to lift one, and to my surprise it weighed, I should say, forty pounds or more.

There were one or two rooms occupied by an old gentleman whom the proprietor said had been there for fifty-two years; we were admitted to these rooms, as the occupant was away for a week during the Easter vacation. He occupies some

position under government which brings him into close communication with the court. There was another room which had had the same occupant for over forty years. This old gentleman was also absent for a few days, during the recess of the Reichstag. The proprietor said he was a great thinker, always engaged in his work. He had his correspondence arranged in piles on the floor and did not allow anything touched. A pile of papers relating to a certain matter remained intact until the incident, whatever it might be, was closed when they were filed away. The room was put in order only once in three or four months, this during his absence from town.

The proprietor of the hotel talked very freely to us, quite to my surprise, as it is understood one must be careful about giving expression to one's views in public. I suppose he felt safe in talking to us in his own house. He remarked that Frederick III., the father of the present Emperor, was far more popular with the people than is William II. Frederick was a good friend to the Jews, which he was inclined to think was a mistake and



not for the best interests of Berlin. He spoke of the unhappy position occupied by the Empress Frederick (Victoria's eldest daughter) since her husband's death. The fact of her giving preference to English doctors in the care of her husband aroused a feeling against her, some thinking that German physicians would have saved his life. Now when she comes to Berlin she receives no attention when passing along the streets, which must remind her how changed all would be were her husband still alive.

He said William II, though a good man and ruler, was not a man of the people, neither was he popular with the older men who had lived under the rule of his grandfather. Bismarck, he commented, while he had done much for Germany, was a cruel man, and so was his son Herbert. While the chancellor had done much for the state, he had also been careful for himself and his family, and though originally poor he had died very wealthy. The landlord referred with no little feeling of bitterness to the treatment which the family accorded the Emperor, who, upon learning of Bismarck's death, hastened to

his side but was not permitted to see the face of the dead, the coffin-lid having been closed before his arrival.

Our host told us that he himself had been in close attendance upon Frederick III during his illness so we were quite entertained by his discourse, which served to throw an interesting sidelight on the doings of the royal family, outside the usual sources of information.

He had come into possession of the hotel within a few years and spoke English as easily and fluently as ourselves. This circumstance always astonishes one in view of the fact that so few Americans speak more than their own language, and when they do acquire another tongue it is often very imperfectly spoken.

But we must pass on and leave the beautiful city of Berlin, to tell of our journey toward Paris. On our way there we stopped for a few hours at Wittenberg, for many years the home of Luther. An oak is pointed out which grows on the spot where he burned the Papal bull. We visited the quaint old Augustine monastery where Luther came in 1508 to take the chair of philosophy in the Uni-

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versity of Wittenberg. In this building he lived. The curious old rooms are still shown, with the strange, huge, porcelain stove and the quaint window-seat where he and his wife used to sit opposite each other while partaking of their beer. On the wall was a portrait of his little daughter—an exceedingly beautiful face!

In the market-place stands a large bronze statue of Luther and Melancthon. In the church are their tombs. The wooden doors, upon which Luther tacked his ninety-five theses, have been replaced by bronze ones, presented by Frederick III when he was Crown Prince. The theses are cast in full text upon the outer side of these doors. We entered the church where Luther had frequently preached and where the communion was for the first time administered in both forms.

We spent a Sunday in Leipsic in order to see Mrs. Pratt and her interesting daughters. It was Easter and, failing to find the English church, we gained entrance to St. Thomas's just as the preacher was closing his sermon. The great church was filled, more than two thousand being

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in attendance. We were impressed by the devout, earnest appearance of the congregation, which seemed to show a comprehension on their part of the service in contrast with what one often sees in Italian Catholic churches. Their readings being in Latin, you feel the sincere manner must often be rather a feeling of reverence than an understanding of the service. The boy choir sang that celebrated hymn of Luther's, commencing, "A mighty fortress is our God." In this the great audience joined with impressive effect. Immediately after, communion was administered at the altar by two priests in white and black robes, the choir boys and the priests intoning the service, which was very beautiful.

Monday morning we left Leipsic for Weimar, a most interesting town. Many English are there and one English church. There is a fine bronze monument of Goethe and Schiller, who stand together. We visited Goethe's house, where he lived for about half a century. It is now a museum containing his belongings, a clock from his father's house at Frankfort, his bed, portraits of his family, and a thousand

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articles of a personal character. We walked also in the little garden, and later went to the house of Schiller, where there is a similar collection of personal effects, rendering a visit most interesting.

We visited the home of Liszt, the great musical composer, where are hundreds of expensive gifts from crowned heads and others. We drove through the lovely park, where hundreds of people were walking, and stopped to see the summer cottage which belonged to Goethe. This is located in a beautiful position among the trees, and here he lived for seven years during the summer months. The simple furniture he used still occupies the rooms and in the garden the flowers that he planted with his own hands continue to bloom as each summer's sun returns. We did not have time to visit the mausoleum where repose the remains of these two gifted men, Goethe and Schiller, for we wished to reach Eisnach that night and the train came early.

On our way the railroad passed many points of historical interest, such as the battlefields of Jena, Leipsic, Austerlitz, and Lutzen, where the great Gustavus

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Adolphus was killed. We passed through Gotha and Erfurt, both intimately connected with the earlier life of Martin Luther — indeed this whole region seems associated with the great period of his life and work.

At Eisnach we found such funny little rooms at the Hotel Routenkrantz. Out of curiosity I measured the height from floor to ceiling, to find it only seven and a half feet. The cuisine was most excellent and all pleased us greatly. The town, like all those we have visited since leaving Berlin, is very quaint and picturesque. We went into the old church, now modernized, where Luther used to preach. In the square stands a fine bronze statue of him. Close by the church is an old structure, curious both inside and out and at least four hundred and fifty years old, where Luther is said to have lived with Ursula Cotta.

It is a lovely drive to the Wartburg, and the place is most interesting aside from its historical association. It was here Luther resided for a time a willing prisoner, under the care and protection of his good friend, the Elector known as The Wise.

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In the room he occupied there still remains his stove, a huge porcelain structure, together with his bed. And here, it is said, he threw an inkstand at the Devil, striking the wall. This palace or fortress was formerly the home of the Landgraves and is still kept in fine condition. Pictures or frescoes on the wall represent the sainted Elizabeth, the loaves of bread in her apron having turned to flowers upon the discovery of her forbidden charity.

On our return we stopped at the former home of Fritz Reuter. Connected with this is a museum which holds a collection of many things pertaining to the life and music of Richard Wagner that have been preserved and presented to the city.

Our next stop was at the quaint old city of Frankfort, where we drove through the old Jewish quarter and saw the house where the founder of the now wealthy family of Rothschilds lived and died. Formerly the gates to this section of the city were closed and locked at night and the Jews shut in. We visited the small collection of statuary celebrated especially because of the beautiful marble statue of Ariadne, by Dannecker, and later spent

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an hour at the house and home where Goethe was born and where his father lived.

This place was most entertaining to me. I had read Goethe's autobiography, in which he has so much to say about his early life, his father, mother, sister, and incidents connected with each. It was as if the rooms were repeopled with their former occupants. I recalled his interesting tales of childhood and youth, his father's anxieties, his grand receptions, the coming of King Charles to Frankfort and all the excitement connected with that important event. I could, in imagination, see his father in the important position of host, surrounded by courtiers in the picturesque dress of the period. There also was the room in which Goethe was born. The whole house is a museum of interesting things in connection with the family of this illustrious man.

We left Frankfort at two o'clock for Strasburg, crossed the Rhine and feasted our eyes on the great fields of vineyards, admired the rich soil of the vast plains that stretch like a prairie on either hand, once the rich river bottoms, every foot



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now cultivated as though it were a garden, and afterwards passed through Mayence and Worms where the celebrated trial of Luther took place in the presence of Charles V. Approaching Strasburg one is in the neighborhood of some battlefields where Germany and France fought in 1870; but in contrast to war's rude clamor all is the more quiet now. When we arrived at the city itself, we took a look at the great cathedral and at the wonderful clock, which latter was twenty-four years in building.

The next day we were off at ten o'clock for Paris, passing, not far from Metz, the celebrated battlefield of Gravelotte, so disastrous to the French, so victorious for the Germans. There nearly half a million men engaged and over thirty thousand lost their lives in a single day.

The approach to Paris was fine; it was a beautiful spring afternoon. We reached the city about six o'clock Paris time, and the arrival in this great metropolis, I imagine, must always be accounted a memorable event in one's life.



VEVAY, June 13, 1900.



WE were in Paris for a month, which is sufficient time in which to see the great city very satisfactorily under ordinary circumstances. But this year there was the Exposition and that made the time quite too short. In truth, one could spend the whole period of one's visit profitably within the great Exposition enclosure, a description of which requires a good-sized volume. It is indeed a wonderful sight, no doubt quite beyond any other world exhibit that has taken place. The Columbian Exposition at Chicago was a beautiful spectacle in its architectural effects, which were rendered the more effective by its lagoons and its proximity to the lake. In this respect, one might perhaps be pardoned in claiming for it superiority. Still the exhibit at Paris is superior, in my opinion, in all other particulars, even

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in architecture. This of course was to be expected: were it otherwise the world would have been disappointed.

Paris, it may almost be said, is the centre of Europe, and into her lap all nations have this year poured their treasures as they would not, indeed could not, anywhere else. In all departments one observes that Germany has fairly outdone herself. And France — well, one looks and wonders and admires, and the longer he looks, the more he is impressed. Such paintings, and such miles of them, one could well cross the ocean to behold! In sculpture one fairly tires of the display. For some reason England seems to have failed to do all we could expect. It is probable her unhappy war may have had something to do with this. Our own country is well represented in all departments; in art as well as in matters more practical.

As you enter the Exposition, from the Place de la Concorde, your attention is arrested by a fine bit of sculpture. It is an Indian, mounted bare-back on an Indian pony. We must conclude he is placed there in order to make an American feel at once very much at home.

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At Chicago, if I am not mistaken, there was little exhibited in the way of dynamos, but so great has been the increase in the use of electricity as power during the past eight years, that among the most imposing of exhibits is that pertaining to the generating of electricity. Automobiles, too, are a prominent feature, much greater than one would suppose so few years of experiment could make possible.

It was most unfortunate that so much remained incomplete at the time of the opening. This of course disappointed a great number of people, and many were unable to see the exhibition in its entirety as they had hoped. We were among that number, and as I think of what it must be now, or will be in a month's time, I can but feel a little envious of those who, more fortunate than ourselves, failed to reach Paris before July. Yet we have only to picture the crowds and the consequent discomfort, dust, and noise, the high prices of everything, the wear and tear and confusion that in Paris seems to know no cessation day or night, Sunday or holidays, but goes on all the time; one has only to think of those things and feel

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thankful he has seen the wonders of the Exposition and has not to go again.

For, to tell the truth, in Paris, as elsewhere in this world, "all is not gold that glitters" and just between ourselves, I think we were a little disappointed in Paris. One hears so much about its being so bright, and the people so cheerful, and so polite. As a matter of fact we found it less bright than Berlin, the streets not as clean. We did not discover that the people were apparently any happier than elsewhere and, as for politeness, we found them certainly no more courteous, perhaps less so, than Germans and Austrians. If sitting on the sidewalks for their meals instead of eating in the quiet of their own homes is any evidence of good cheer, they certainly are entitled to the reputation. I incline to think that this custom, combined with the fact that it takes so very little to amuse and entertain a French crowd, is responsible for the impression that Paris is the gayest place in the world.

I think too, that under the Republic there is more freedom to individuals and less care in the general administration than there was under the Empire. The

public squares look untidy, huge placards disfigure the beautiful buildings and the granite bases of the statuary are oftentimes spoiled in the same manner. Everywhere the election posters of white, green, yellow, and blue paper were plastered at all angles. The air was full of dust and the streets of crowding cabs,—most of the latter the worse for wear, drawn very generally by horses that looked jaded and worn and driven by avaricious coachmen who were too often cruel. Picture these, commingled with speeding bicycles, huge two-story omnibuses, cars drawn by motors that look ready to crush everything on the track before them, automobiles that go tearing along at such a rate one wonders there is not a collision at every turn, and you have a combination that leads you to feel every time you return from an outing, that only a special providence can account for your being back with unimpaired limbs and a sound skull.

But, despite all these incidentals, we had a very pleasant sojourn in the French capital. The first morning after our arrival I walked out past the Louvre and

was saddened as I missed that beautiful building, the Tuileries. I had thought it the finest thing in Paris when I was here before. Now not a stone remains to recall the long array of historical incidents connected with it. Only a garden marks the spot where it stood ; and who can tell what would have been left had not the German army interfered to rescue the city from its own people, the Commune.

I strolled by the beautiful Opera House that was just completed when I was in Paris before, but the pure white stone is now faded and begrimed with smoke. It is perhaps the finest building of its kind in the world, having cost ten millions of dollars, and it must always be a joy to look upon. Yet I could but recall with regret its much grander appearance thirty-five years ago when Napoleon III and his beautiful Empress were in their prime.

We made our way to Napoleon's tomb. Even that grand monument shows that time fades all things, and for one I could but feel that there was little left of the great warrior save this fading glory. He claimed he did all for France, but why for France if at the expense of other powers

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equally worthy? But this is too large a subject for a letter. Please pardon. Perhaps you are an admirer of "the little Corporal." So am I,—but with limitations.

At Notre Dame we saw the tomb of the Archbishop of Paris, so cruelly assassinated by the Commune. From all accounts he was a fine grey-headed old man who much deserved a better fate. When I return I wish to procure a copy of Mr. Washburn's book which he published after his return to America, in which he gives full particulars of his strange experience in the beleagured city during that exciting period of its history. At the Chapel Expiatory we saw where, for twenty-one years after their execution, reposed the bodies of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and where still rests all that is mortal of over six hundred of the Swiss guard who so valiantly defended them at the cost of their own lives.

We were much interested in visiting the Musée de Cluny, an interesting collection of old furniture and curiosities. The building itself is one of the oldest in Paris. We have at home a painting of



the exterior, of which we are very fond. We visited the Louvre and among many other treasures saw Murillo's *Conceptione* and the *Venus de Milo*, both of such world-wide renown.

Directly opposite the Louvre is a church (St. Germain l' Auxerrois) in the tower of which hung the bell whose doleful notes on that dreadful summer's night proclaimed the massacre of St. Bartholemew, August 24, 1572. A window in the Louvre is still shown as that from which Francis I. looked out upon that bloody scene. In a room below, built by Catherine de' Medici and now occupied by works of art, the illustrious Henry IV was married to Margaret of Valois and here his body was placed after his assassination. In the same room the immortal plays of Molière were acted and read by himself in 1659.

What was more interesting still, we visited the Prison de la Conciergerie, which is still used as a prison though originally built, before the Louvre, for a palace. We here saw the little cell occupied by Marie Antoinette and stood within it; saw the steps down which the unhappy Queen with heavy heart passed on her way

to trial ; also the cells of Robespierre, Duc d'Orleans, and many others. There Madame Recamier and Elizabeth, sister-in-law to the Queen, were imprisoned for days, expecting each hour would be their last. Through that little door in the left of the chapel passed more than two thousand men and women of the best blood of France, to be hastily shorn of their locks, while there in that corner waited the cart, backed up to carry them to the Place de la Concorde where they were publicly guillotined. It almost seems too horrible to be true, but to what has not France been equal?

We spent one afternoon at the palace of the Luxemburg where there is a famous picture gallery. We noticed there with pride and interest pictures by Whistler and Sargent. We went to the opera, and also to see "the divine Sarah" Bernhardt in her play "L'Aiglon—The Eaglet—" in which she takes the part of Napoleon's son the Duke of Reichstadt, King of Rome. Each was over at twelve o'clock. Paris devotes its days to business, its nights to pleasure. One or two evenings we took a carriage and drove for an hour through the boule-

wards just to see the people and the lighted streets, which together are a sight in themselves. The streets of Paris are a perfect spider-web, a net-work which to me is very confusing. Few streets run for any length in a straight line, and when they turn ever so little, the name changes. Besides this, every little way a number of streets, concentrate as at the junction of Niagara and Delaware in Buffalo, an arrangement which never fails to confuse a stranger.

A drive in the Bois de Boulogne amid thousands of people and thousands of carriages is one of the fascinating experiences of Paris. At every turn were beautiful vistas, and there were groups of people on the grass and amid the trees and shrubs, which latter were lovely in their fresh green leaves. The little lakes were bright with boats, and artificial waterfalls lent an added grace. On our way out we visited the Chapelle de le Duc d'Orleans, which is erected upon the spot where he lost his life,— he was thrown from a carriage. There is here a beautiful reclining figure of the Duke ; standing at the head is an exquisite marble angel designed by his sister, though when the statue was executed

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she had no thought of the purpose it was destined to fulfil. The untimely death of this excellent man it is believed changed the whole history of modern France. His lovely wife, Helen d'Orleans, one loves to remember and to read of.

We made two visits to Versailles, one to visit the palace, and again to see the fountains play. But I shall have to write later of this, so for the present, adieu.





INTERLAKEN, June 26, 1900.



Y last letter was of our stay in Paris and I cannot leave that interesting city without adding a little to the story of our sojourn there.

A visit to Paris without a trip to Versailles would indeed be incomplete and as I stated in my last letter we went there twice. This vast palace remains a monument of that period in French history immediately preceding the terrible experiences of the Revolution, and it is indeed an epitome of extravagance, luxury, pride, and royal indifference to the needs of the public. It stands today almost unchanged from the time, over a hundred years since, when a howling mob gathered in its great square demanding nothing less than the persons of the royal family. At the entrance to the Queen's bedroom the door is still shown where some of the faithful Swiss guard

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defended, at the cost of their lives, the entrance to her apartment.

One is particularly impressed with the exceeding grandeur of many of the royal suites, and more with the long record of events and associations of the place. How generation succeeded generation again and again! No wonder they came to regard the palace as a home that must last forever, invincible to change. But it is as the home of the beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette and of Louis XVI, her husband, that the palace is particularly interesting.

After the innumerable rooms adorned with hundreds of portraits of distinguished men and women, and of paintings which record much of the past history of France, it is with a feeling of quiet restfulness that one walks through the extensive park, along avenues as secluded as one can well imagine, to the retired cluster of houses forming a little hamlet. Here, in imitation of a peasant village, the King was simply the chief, and the Queen, as his wife, attended to the making of the butter, and the selling of the same in the little market-place. Here her customers were court ladies dressed in peasant cos-

tume, one of them as a shepherdess, another a farmer's wife, and so on.

There is something really pathetic to me in all this, for, as one thinks of these royal characters, and especially the Queen, it discloses on her part a longing for a simple life, more close to nature, an experience so hard for her to attain. It was while absorbed in this soothing, delightful dream that news was brought her that the mob was at the palace doors. The enchantment was broken, all this exquisite beauty of wood and lake, green fields and solitude was exchanged for a gloomy prison cell, amid the tumult of a wild, ungovernable populace crying for her blood and that of those most dear and precious to her. Could one conceive of anything more truly tragic and pathetic? This quiet miniature hamlet with its mill, the old water-wheel slowly turning, the little farmhouse with stalls for the horses, all so pastoral and peaceful, and without, the gathering of a stormy tempest, for outside the palace gate, two miles away, poured the tumultuous tide upon which most of these participants were to be borne to an untimely and terrible death.

Before leaving Paris we drove a second time to Versailles to see the fountains play, which they do occasionally, for an hour or two. Thousands flock to see them, and this brief display is said to cost some two thousand dollars each time it is given. Just before the largest of the fountains was turned on a fearful rain broke upon us. I do not know that I ever experienced a more severe storm; thousands upon thousands of people were drenched and the scattering of the immense crowd was almost appalling to behold.

It was upon this second visit that we obtained entrance to the "Galerie de Batailles," which is a beautiful room four hundred feet long by forty-two feet wide. The walls were closely adorned with paintings, among which it was interesting to notice a fine painting of the Battle of Yorktown, showing the surrender of Lord Cornwallis: the French General, Rochambeau, holds a prominent position in this beside our great Washington.

Almost equally as interesting as Versailles is the palace of Fontainebleau, a huge pile. In connection with it is a park



of forty thousand acres, through which are beautiful drives and shady walks. It was on the steps at Fontainebleau that Napoleon bade adieu to the generals of his old guard, his companions in many a battle, and it was on the same spot less than a year after that he reviewed the soldiers in the great court there upon his return from Elba in 1815. It was in this palace that sentence of divorce was pronounced against Josephine. Here Napoleon signed his abdication. The table still stands there upon which he attached his signature, also another table upon which his followers were required to pledge their allegiance. Here Louis XIII was born, and Louis XIV, Louis XV, Louis XVI all long resided here. A very gorgeous bedroom of Marie Antoinette is still shown. Here Henry II and Henry IV lived for many years and it was here that Louis XIV signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes which, obtained under Henry IV, had for so long a period secured toleration to the Protestants.

We were shown the rooms occupied for nearly ten years by Pope Pius VII and where he was virtually a prisoner under

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Napoleon. In the beautiful chapel Louis XVI was married, also in 1837, the Duc d'Orleans. In the Galerie des Assiettes are the Sèvres china plates with decorations; among them is one with a picture of the Genesee Falls, at Rochester, New York.

The palace was built by Francis I and he here entertained Charles V. Both Louis Philippe and Napoleon III were long residents here. The latter had fitted up a very pretty theatre. No doubt Eugenie, amid her celebrated court, distinguished for its beauty and its dress, took delight in it, though we were told it was used by her upon only eight occasions. The present President of the Republic spends a period of each year at Fontainebleau.

When visiting the Pantheon, a magnificent building, we had not obtained a pass, and therefore did not gain admission to the crypt, where repose the remains of that illustrious Frenchman, Victor Hugo, whose memory the world delights to honor. Voltaire was once buried here, but his tomb was removed in a spirit of revenge for the disturbance of the tombs of the royal dead at St. Denis.

At the Sorbonne,—the great university

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of Paris, with its fifteen thousand students, —we saw the fine marble tomb of Cardinal Richelieu which is in the church connected with the buildings. We entered the church of St. Roch ; it was in the square in front of this structure that Napoleon made his first attack upon the mob of Paris, Oct. 5, 1795 : the square then extended to the Garden of the Tuileries. A little farther down the river was pointed out to us the house where Napoleon then lived. It was a very modest abode.

It was our privilege on Sundays to attend the services at the American chapel, conducted by Dr. Thurber. The attendance was quite large, but the service was in marked contrast with the subdued devotional characteristics of the Scotch Presbyterian service we had pretty generally enjoyed attending on the continent. The truth is, anything very serious does not seem to appertain to Paris. Perhaps in no other city does one find larger expenditure for church edifices, but one feels impressed with the absence of a devotional spirit. The ritual remains. There are to be seen many young girls in white dresses going to their confirmations but I never

saw one going accompanied by her father—generally an attendant, sometimes alone. The family, as constituted with us, bound together as a common unit, with its sacred associations, I, as a simple tourist, failed to find. A closer student of French life may possibly see things in a different light.

One Sunday afternoon I walked up to the church of the Sacre Cœur, a new building on an old site. The approach was through a street entirely given up to little shops for the sale of rosaries and articles pertaining to church matters and a busy scene it was. The church stands on one of the highest points in Paris and is built of heavy masonry; it was so heavy that I could but think it possible the intent might be to some time use it, if required, as a fortress as well as a church. The movements of the French populace are uncertain.

To my surprise, I found within a large congregation, perhaps a thousand people, and before them a priest giving a sermon without words, if you can imagine such a thing. There were all the impressive gestures of an impassioned pantomimist but not a word from his lips, while the

audience sat in deep attention as he portrayed agony, joy, humility, exhilaration, distress ; at one moment in earnest appeal, in another defiant and proud. It was a service for deaf-mutes. Of course there is no observance of Sunday in Paris as we regard it, though the stores are pretty generally closed. The day is regarded more as a holiday and devoted to excursions and pleasure.

Our stay in Paris drew to a close and we prepared to leave. Instead of going to England, we determined to direct our steps at once to Switzerland, and so bade adieu to Paris with its dirty streets and crowded thoroughfares, its cold winds and dust-filled air, its noise, its crowds of pleasure-seekers, its crowded cafés. All of these I think served to make one long for quiet, for a country where people seem really to live, where they are honest and kind, and you can believe them conscientious, God-fearing, Christ-loving, having something to do beside work, make money, and spend it in getting pleasure.

On Thursday, May 17th, we took the fast train for Dijon where we remained until the next day in order to break the

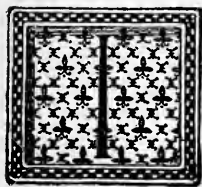
ride which many make in a night. We wished also to see this quaint old town, so long the home of the Duke of Burgundy, where Charles the Bold and his beautiful daughter, Mary of Burgundy, both were born and lived, as well as Jean "Sans Peur."

The fine old palace still stands as complete as in the days when armored courtiers thronged its gates. We visited the cathedral with its grotesque carved figures in rows above rows at the front, and at noon took train for Lausanne. Gradually our road ascended as we approached the Jura range, and just before sundown we plunged into a long tunnel, emerging from which, we were in Switzerland, the land of liberty and beauty, where the green valleys terminate in the white glow of everlasting snows, a land where man has done much to adapt and make accessible the wondrous beauties of creation. Of this we will write another time.





INTERLAKEN, June 27, 1900.



AM sure no one will appreciate more fully than yourself the reason which led us to abandon our original plan of visiting England and coming to Switzerland instead. In my own mind there dwelt the living memory of a beautiful past, fresh as the Alpine flowers that bedeck the green meadows about us and bedewed as with the cloud mists that train in majesty along the high valleys, while my heart was scored with an indelible experience such as the surface of these Alpine rocks record as they lie in the pathway of the vanished glaciers. I recalled these scenes of Alpine loveliness, where the green hills wandered up, up, up, until lost amid the glorious fields of everlasting snows, fields upon which rested the brightness of the glowing sun, until they were lost in the mountain mists still higher. And then, just

a little above, beyond our ken, I seemed to see the white robes of that saintly number to whom had come the blessed privilege of a glorious immortality. In their midst is one whom we all so loved and whose memory we cherish among the dearest, tenderest ties of life; and with her yet another who, unspotted by the world, had been born on earth and then so soon was borne to Heaven. So many years had intervened I longed to rest my eyes once more on those familiar scenes and to be drawn into closer sympathy and relation with this land — a land associated with so much in my life that lies too deep for words.

Thus at last we found ourselves beside the little grave at Clarens, "Sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep Love." There was the same glorious view of mountains, lake and sky, sunlight and shadow, and withal a sacred solitude in keeping with a spot dedicated to sorrow and separation. Green was the turf and bright the flowers blooming above that grave of buried hopes; the little dove still nestles on its marble pedestal. It seemed but a day since I laid my treasure there in a spot which then, as



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now, was and is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Again and again I visited it and, before departing, we went for the last time laden with the most luxurious roses that ever bloomed, and together we covered the little mound and went our way.

Switzerland has grown more beautiful during all these years. It seemed a paradise then, but so much has been added! Change is manifest on every hand. The dear cottage at Clarens, from whence departed one of the sweetest, purest spirits that ever blessed our earth, is no longer there. On its site stands a large building connected by a covered way with one of older date. Nearly opposite a beautiful little Protestant church has been erected. Beautiful gardens abound everywhere. A trolley car runs all the way from Vevay to Chillon, a funicular connects the border of the lake with Glion, and above a railroad extends to Caux, a large hotel.

It was from there that the Empress Elizabeth made that last tragic journey to Geneva where terminated her life. She was very fond of Caux. We were permitted to visit the rooms she occupied,

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and from the large upper piazza beheld the grand view of the lake and the semi-circle of green hills with their forests. We spent two weeks in the vicinity of Clarens. At Ouchy we occupied the same rooms at Hôtel Château that you had occupied at one time. At Vevay we were at the Trois Couronnes hotel,—lovely views and pleasant rooms.

A week passed pleasantly and quickly at Geneva and then we visited Chamonix and feasted our eyes on the monarch of mountains. We climbed to the Flegière and to Montanvert, crossed the Mer de Glace, and walked down the Mauvais Pas. Then on a glorious day of brilliant sunshine, went over the Tête Noire, to Zermatt, at the foot of the Matterhorn. On over the highest railroad in Europe we travelled to the Gorner Grat, with only the Gorner glacier between us and Monte Rosa, the next highest mountain in Europe to Mont Blanc. Finally, we crossed the Gemmie, one of the most beautiful passes in Switzerland, and followed the lovely Kanderstag valley down to Interlaken where we now are.

I am sure it would be tedious were I to

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attempt to give you a detailed account of these several journeyings, all so beautiful, but all made up of views of lofty green mountains terminating in frozen glaciers and snow-fields amid clouds and blue sky, stupendous precipices, forests of unbroken solitude, green meadows dotted everywhere with picturesque chalets and bright with over five hundred varieties of Alpine flowers. Huge rocks lie in wild disorder everywhere, while the air is musical with the tinkle of the bells upon the herds of cattle and goats that climb about the steep hillside paths. Add to this the blue lakes which slumber in the depths of the hills, the bustling, hurrying, rushing mountain streams that go tearing along in their rocky channels, pretty hamlets and villages everywhere, all connected with carefully graded roadways and walks. Picture all this and combine the whole as we would in a moving kaleidoscope and you have a pretty correct idea of Switzerland, though to one who had never seen it I do not believe the brightest imagination would be able to picture it half so beautiful as it really is.

On our drive from Kanderstag we

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stopped to see the Blaue See, a small sheet of water which we approached through a field of rocks as large as houses. These huge rocks are for the most part covered with green moss, trees, and ferns. When we stood on the bank of the little lake we were amazed to see its waters almost as clear as the air above them. The whole bottom, which was of a bluish hue, was perfectly discernible; the tiny fish could be as distinctly seen as though in the air above, and this to a depth of sixty feet. Anything more absolutely ideal it would be difficult to imagine, and had I not seen it I would not believe there was ever anything of the kind possible. We stepped into a little boat and were rowed about over the surface of this seemingly melted crystal, while above us was a sky so blue, flecked with clouds, that I thought I had never seen its equal. Year by year these beauties remain. As Byron well says, "States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die."

Perhaps in no other spot have the changes been so great as in the immediate neighborhood of Montreux, near Clarens. It was hard to reconcile the place with my

memory of it thirty to thirty-five years ago. The shore of the lake is now like a continuous city. The well-known quiet and seclusion that one so enjoyed in the past is no longer possible there. It was like another place. Perhaps it was as well for changes are now in harmony with the changing years which come to each one of us.

At Lausanne we went one day and sat for a little while in the quiet garden where Gibbon wrote the closing chapter of his Roman History. At Vevay we lingered on the terrace of St. Martin to enjoy the view. Within the church are the tombs of the regicides, Ludlow and Broughton: it was the latter who read the sentence to King Charles. From there we drove to Castle Bloney and were permitted to visit the rooms you occupied and enjoy the lovely scenery from the windows.

While at Geneva we visited one afternoon the venerable home of Madame de Staël, at Coppet. It was like a leaf from an old romance of a hundred years ago. The fine old château, the grand trees, the picturesque approach, and in the rear the fine park, the library and salons, the bed-

chamber adjoining that of Madame Recamier's with all its furniture unchanged seemed to annihilate the intervening years and we almost felt ourselves their favored guests as we gazed at the family portraits upon the walls, not only evidently good likenesses but beautiful works of art as well.

Another day we drove to Ferney, but, having been misinformed about the time when visitors were allowed to enter, we were unable to gain admission. So we left the home of Voltaire unvisited. We were more fortunate in our endeavor to see Diodati where Byron wrote the third canto of *Childe Harold*. The attendant opened the house and we were allowed to stroll through the rooms attractive with antique furniture. On the walls are family portraits, all in keeping with a long-passed period. This balconied room where Byron wrote and slept is quite unchanged. The property belongs to a banker in Geneva who spends a portion of the midsummer there. It commands a fine view of Geneva, the Jura, and the lake. No doubt it was from this beautiful garden that the poet wrote of the approaching storm,

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“From peak to peak, the rattling crags  
among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one  
lone cloud  
But every mountain now hath found a  
tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty  
shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her  
aloud.”

During our whole stay of a week at Geneva Mont Blanc failed to fully reveal himself and we had to await our arrival at Chamonix to get an entirely satisfactory view. Then I tried to rehabilitate a verse I have heard, but which, like a broken relic in a garret, lies half covered in a shadowy corner of my brain. Perhaps you can arrange it for me in its proper order:

“Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains,  
He was crownèd long ago.  
In his chair of state, supreme, he waits  
In his diadem of snow.”

The second morning after our arrival at Chamonix the view of the summit was

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unbroken, and we could see with the naked eye the observatory at the top, erected there by Dr. Jansen in 1893, on a snow foundation forty feet deep. Excavations to that depth revealing nothing but snow they concluded to build on that.

There was one tourist with a guide and two porters attempting to reach the top the day before we left Chamonix, and with a telescope we could see them gradually working their way, cutting with their axes a path for their steps in the ice and snow.

It was a revelation which that first clear morning brought. I awoke in its early light. As the dawn advanced, the mountain was soon a blaze of glory and later it was a beautiful sight to see the sunlight break through the fissure between the peaks and glance down into the valley. I sat for an hour watching the wondrous sight, one of the most beautiful in nature. With the telescope we could, in imagination, travel these great unbroken fields of snow without either discomfort or danger, could stop for a moment at the Grand Mulet where those who ascend generally spend the first night after crossing the



Glacier de Bosson. Later great argosies of clouds came floating up the valley, and as they passed far below the higher peaks, through interstices one could see granite walls of rock and snow beyond them. Once looking thus we saw just above the cloud a pointed snow peak which resembled the long slanting roof of a Swiss villa apparently located fourteen thousand feet above the sea. But most glorious of all, the very summit of Mont Blanc, which for ten days had had its head so completely enveloped in fleecy clouds that we could not for a certainty determine just where it was, this morning stood out in majesty supreme, grand as a dream of heavenly beauty.

Scarcely less magnificent was our view from the Gorner Grat, with the white snow-fields of Monte Rosa rising over fifteen thousand feet above the sea. The great Gorner glacier below us intervened between us and Monte Rosa. The distant roar of the water beneath the glacier was the more impressive, because, unseen, yet like a deep-toned organ peal it broke the solemn silence of that high mountain solitude.

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My letter has given you but a sketchy outline of all we have seen and done during the past few weeks, but I trust I have at least been able to recall to your mind some of the pleasant places your eyes have rested upon.

And now our thoughts are toward the blue waters of the Owasco, as they nestle among the familiar scenes of our own beloved land. How sweet to be once again surrounded by English-speaking voices and the cheerful chatter of American boys and girls. We have yet in prospect another delightful week of travel in Switzerland. To Lucerne, over the Brunig, a glorious day down the historic, castellated Rhine to Cologne, with its divine Cathedral—to my mind the most superbly beautiful of any on the continent. We must visit the old town of Bruges with its quaint tower that our own great poet has enshrined in verse; spend a few days in Belgium's capital; a week or more in picturesque Holland, and then only the ocean will lie between us and home, of which surely never were truer words penned than those immortal lines of John Howard Payne,

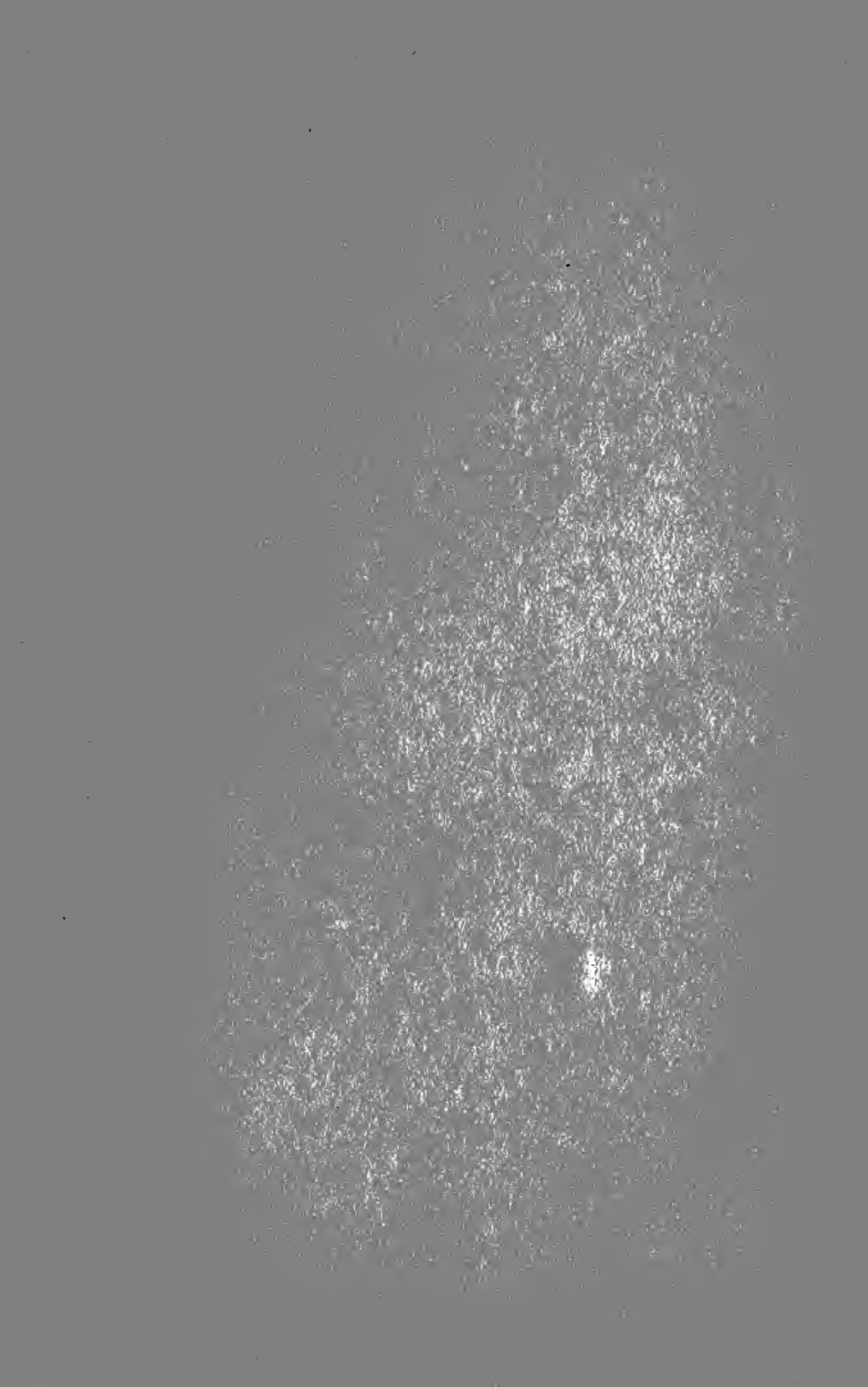
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“ ’Mid pleasures and palaces though we may  
    roam,  
    Be it ever so humble, there ’s no place  
    like home ;  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us  
    there,  
Which, seek through the world, is ne’er  
    met with elsewhere.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet Home ! ”

FINIS.











SEP 8 1902

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